HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. III.—No. 141.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1859. [Price Five Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" AND THE CITY OF PORTLAND.

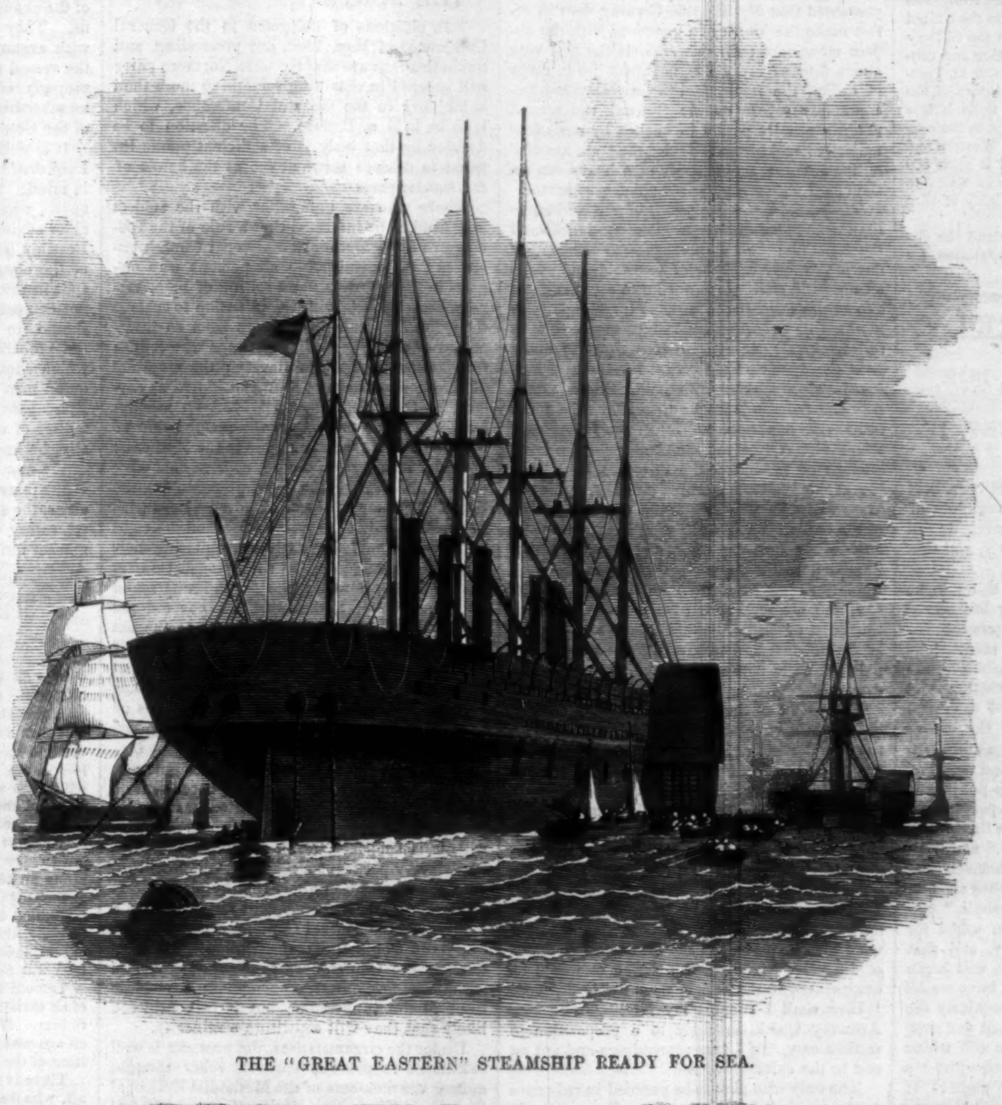
We engrave herewith a picture of the *Great Eastern*, as she now lies in the Thames. On 3d September it is announced that she will sail for Portland, in England, on a trial-trip; and if that prove satisfactory, she will leave Holyhead for Portland, Maine, on 15th of the same month. There is a rumor that she will sail from Galway to New York; but this as yet lacks confirmation.

We gave in our last number a pretty full description of this noble ship. With regard to her sailing qualities and her probable safety at sea, the London *Times* says:

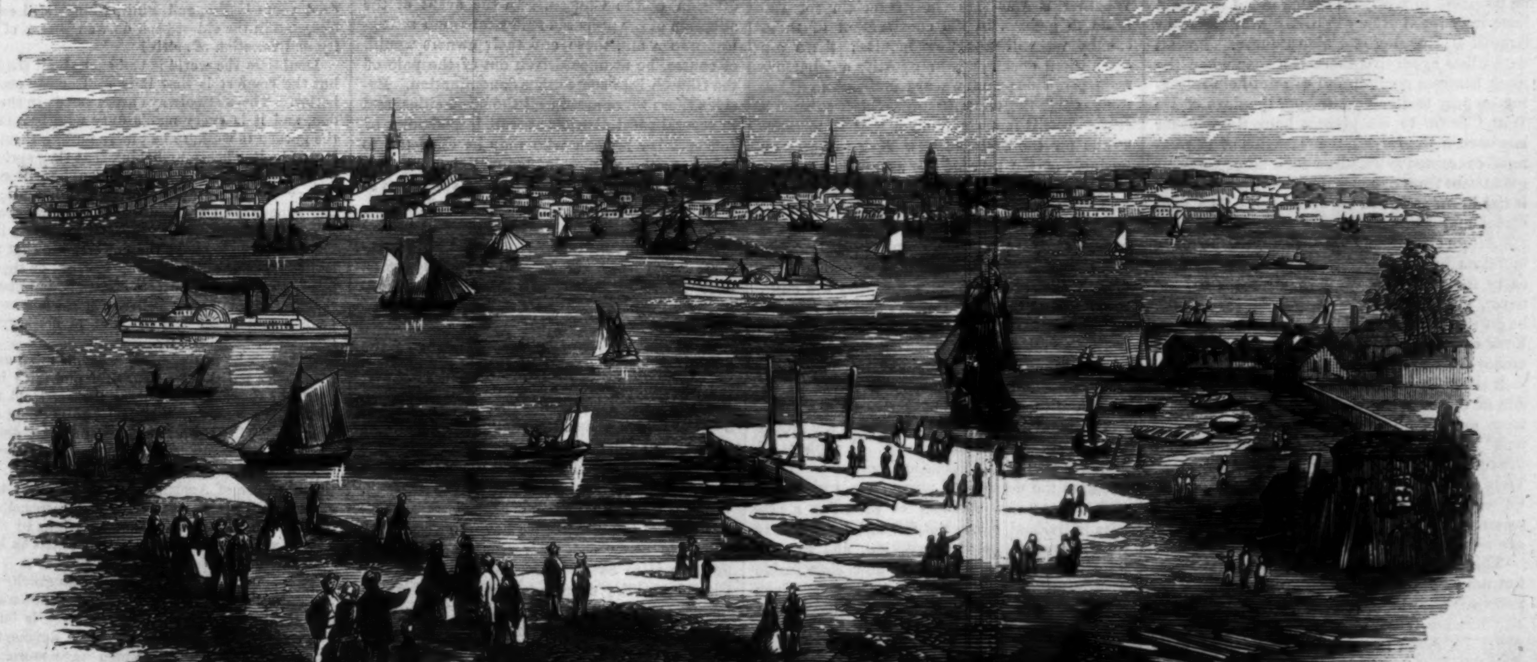
"As to the ship itself, it has no immunity from perils. It may suffer what is suffered every day by some ship or other in our vast mercantile navy. But the calculation has been worked out, and there lies a vessel ready to start in a few days for Calcutta, land its passengers and cargo, take in others, and return home immediately, without taking in more coals, all within seventy days. Once released from these shores nothing can stop her, so long as her machinery does its work. This, of course, is the question; but never was steamship provided with so many alternatives. She will rush over the sea with a speed nearly equal to an ordinary railway train, and with a weight two hundred times greater. Should she come into collision with any thing else afloat—should she, by chance, touch some little three-decker in the mid-sea, she will live to tell the tale, and she alone. She might send the flimsy craft to the bottom in the night, cutting her in two or sailing over her, without even disturbing the sleep of her passengers. It might be presumptuous to affirm that she will not feel the waves, for that remains to be tried; but on calculation she should feel them little more than an ordinary Thames steamer does the waves between bridges."

The cabins are thus described by the reporter of the *Illustrated London News*, who visited the ship on the occasion of the recent banquet on board:

"The deck having been duly explored, the company crowded down the principal staircase, and were soon astonished with the elaborate splendor of the grand saloon, upon which Mr. Crace has exhausted all his well-known proficiency in renaissance decoration. Much skill has in the first place been shown in making the best of the masts and funnels, obstacles which could not be removed, and which in less skillful hands would have very much obstructed the view, and spoiled the general effect of the saloon. But Mr. Crace has squared these unsightly objects, and covered them with large and costly mirrors, so placed that, instead of contracting the view, they give the effect of much greater space than is really available. The sides, and all spaces not occupied by looking-glasses, are covered with a peculiarly rich white and gold paper, with massive renaissance cornices, and interspersed with panels painted with allegorical subjects. The floor is covered with crimson Axminster carpeting of the Royal pattern, and the recesses are all filled with couches covered in crimson Utrecht velvet. The hangings are of the most superb tabaret of the same color, fringed with silk lace and looped up with tassels of the newest design; and, in short, every thing gives the idea more of the State reception-room of a Royal palace than the principal cabin of a merchant-ship. A very peculiar feature in this unique saloon is the mode by which it is lighted and ventilated at the sides—by large openings railed off with gilt balustrades, and reaching to the upper-deck, where they are met by sky-lights, which can be left up or down at pleasure. Besides the great additional light which these openings give, they are invaluable as securing at any moment currents of fresh air, a luxury which will only be fully appreciated when the *Great Eastern* is steaming majestically across the Indian Ocean with her living freight of some eight or ten thousand passengers for Calcutta. Next to this imperial saloon is another and still longer one, which is to be appropriated to the ordinary first-class passengers, the other being exclusively devoted to the extra first and the ladies, and in which the directors on Monday entertained some 600 of their friends. Arrangements had been made for 350, but the thirst of the British public for scientific investigation, especially when a Champagne luncheon crowns the vista, brought down such troops of friends that entertainment had to be found for nearly double the number. Thanks, however, to the provision of Mr. Quartermaine, of the Ship, to whom the commissariat had been intrusted, there was enough and to spare for every body, and the wines were always ready in abundance



THE "GREAT EASTERN" STEAMSHIP READY FOR SEA.



THE CITY OF PORTLAND, MAINE.

when some noble commercial or patriotic sentiment required to be toasted. Around these two principal saloons the sleeping-berths of the passengers are skillfully arranged, the amount of accommodation being regulated, of course, by the price paid for the passage. But it is hardly fair to call them mere berths, seeing that they are, generally speaking, rather suits of apartments, comprising sleeping, sitting, and dressing-rooms, all self-contained, and offering to females as complete seclusion as if they were in their own homes. The smallest of these berths is larger than the best cabins in any other vessel; and they have the peculiar advantage of being at least double the height, and possessing the most ample and ready means of ventilation."

Portland, Maine, of which we give an engraving on the previous page, is the fortunate port which is destined to receive the gigantic vessel on her visit to this country—the harbor being the only one on the Atlantic coast which a ship of her size can enter in perfect safety. Portland is a fine growing city, with a population of about 35,000. It has been mainly built up by the railway to Montreal, which renders it the real sea-port of Canada during the winter months. The people are energetic, and know their own interests; their town will soon become a formidable rival to Boston. There are no port dues of any kind at Portland.

A story is told by a late writer which illustrates the extent of internal communication in the United States. He says: "A recent event in the railway life of Portland caused no little sensation and congratulation. A cargo of cotton arrived at Portland which had been borne on the waters of the Mississippi 1200 miles to St. Louis; there it was placed on the railways that conveyed it to the confines of Canada; the cars of the Great Western and Grand Trunk of Canada then carried it some 860 miles to Portland, from whence it was taken to Boston for a manufactory in the vicinity of that city."

When the *Great Eastern* visits Portland the citizens will, no doubt, win a high reputation for hospitality.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1859.

A LITTLE MORE MONEY, IF YOU PLEASE.

A STATE Canal Convention has been held at Rochester. A brief memorandum of its proceedings will be found elsewhere. It will not repay perusal. It is the old story, and taxpayers know it by heart.

It is the doom of every useful thing to be turned to base purposes. Printing has served to disseminate vile books. Gunpowder has caused the death of many a good man. The electric telegraph in Nova Scotia enables rogues to cheat their neighbors in Wall Street. And the New York State canals, one of the most magnificent engineering works in the world, and a noble instrument of commerce and civilization, have been for years the grand agent of corruption and profligacy among the politicians of this State. Year after year the people vote money for their completion. Before the money is voted the "friends of the canals," as a certain class of needy politicians call themselves—just as their prototypes in olden times used to style themselves "friends of the people," call their gods to witness that the sum asked for will complete the work thoroughly, and that from the day it is voted the canals will begin to pay a profit. How many times have we all heard the old song! And how regularly the faithful "friends of the canals" assail our ears, a year or two afterward, with the old whine about "a little more" being needed—just "a little more"—and then all will be right! If Solomon had lived in our day he would never have cast a stigma on the horse-leech: when he proposed to typify insatiable greed he would have introduced Henry O'Rielly, Chairman, or Samuel B. Ruggles, of Union Square. For all naturalists agree that there is a time when the leech becomes gorged, and can not help releasing its prey to digest; but from the days of De Witt Clinton to the present hour there never has been a time when the "friends of the canals" consented to withdraw their fangs for a single instant from our succulent body politic. As it has been, so it will be evermore. The Suez Canal may be dug; vessels may sail through the Atrato; the Pacific Railroad may run down buffaloes in the desert; Professor Wise may carry the Liverpool Mail in his balloon; but never, to the end of time, shall the ear of man be greeted with the announcement that the New York canals are completed, and need no more money from the public.

It is hardly necessary to say that the gist and aim of the new Canal Convention is to obtain more money. To do the "friends of the canals" justice, however, they do not take us by the throat and demand our purses or our lives. They are willing to compromise with us. If we won't give up our wallets, will we toll the railroads? If yes, the "friends of the canals" ask no more—at present.

This story of tolling the railroads is ancient, but not respectable. When first the New York railroads were built, the canals, their seniors in the carrying trade, viewed them with a jealous eye. To obtain the necessary charters from the Legislature the various railroad companies were compelled to submit to tolls in favor of the canals, whose influence at that time was paramount at Albany. After the roads were built, the folly of taxing one class of enterprises for the benefit of another and less useful class became widely apparent, and the railroad companies, which had acquired power at the capital, were enabled to procure the passage of a law repealing the tolls. Most of the roads agreed, in consideration of this relief, to carry passengers at two cents a mile—about what it costs them to do the work. But what the Legislature had done it could undo. If it could repeal, it could re-establish tolls. Armed with this principle, a certain class of hungry politicians have regularly for years levied black-mail on the leading railroads of this State, under a threat of reimposing tolls in favor of the canals. Every January, as regularly as Meriam's cold snap, some member of the Legislature introduces a bill to re-establish tolls. The usual speeches are made, and the first vote generally shows a large majority in favor of the measure. The meaning of this is, that Mr. Erastus Corning, of the New York Central Railroad, must lose no time in stepping up to the Captain's office and settling. It is to be presumed that Mr. Erastus Corning does in effect make the journey in question, with the object mentioned; for, whereas on the first vote about four of every five members are in favor of tolling the roads, and the speeches are uncommonly severe on the Central, the second reading usually passes in silence by a slender majority; and before the third the "six months' hoist" is voted, under cover of a heavy fire on the canal policy from some ponderous orator.

The whole thing is, in fact, a farce, and worse than a farce—a dishonest scheme to black-mail the railroads. No man of sense at the present day is seriously in favor of re-establishing tolls on the railroads. It is not more reasonable to expect the railroads to support the canals than it would be to expect steamships to pay tolls to sailing-vessels, or electric telegraphs to make good the deficit on the postal revenue. Progress involves inevitable injury to things established. Steamers have superseded ships; the Minié rifle has superseded "Brown Bess;" the telegraph has deprived the post-office of a large amount of business; the railroads have hurt the canals; and by-and-by, perhaps, Professor Wise will take away a portion of the business of the roads. Each agent of civilization has its day; when that day ends, and some new and improved method takes the place of the old, the latter must give way with the best grace it can, and not seek to burden its successor with the duty of sustaining its obsolete existence. If the railroads are to be made to carry the canals on their backs, why not also the stage-coaches?

The public of the State of New York can not be decently expected to vote more money for the completion of the canals. The money that has been spent on them already would, if honestly laid out, have built a canal from here to Salt Lake City. Another million, or two millions, or ten millions, or a hundred millions may be spent, and they will be no nearer completion than now. It is not the intention of the "friends of the canals" to complete them. Their completion would be a death-blow to their "friends." Like the physician who reviled his inexperienced son for curing a patient of ten years' standing, the "friends" would be exasperated if the canals were really finished. "How shall I support my family," said Mr. Attorney Quirk, in reply to a proposition to settle a case, "if I stay proceedings and put an end to the suit?"

The only true plan to be pursued in reference to the canals is for the State to sell them to the highest bidder, and get rid of them altogether. Whether it was right in the origin for the State to embark in the construction of these canals, we will not now inquire: there are cases when expediency may justify a departure from principle; and we are inclined to think that, under the circumstances, this was such a case. But it is clear enough that it is monstrous for the State of New York to carry on business at the present day as a common carrier. Nothing could justify the original embarkation of the State in the canal scheme but the absolute impossibility of getting the canals built by private enterprise, and the paramount importance of the canals to the prosperity of the Commonwealth. But, now that they are built, this argument ceases to apply, and we may revert to sound principles.

It is as false policy for the State of New York to own canals, and do business in competition with the Central Railroad, as it would be for the State to set up a newspaper or a barber's shop. No such avocations fall within the proper province of the Commonwealth. Its sphere of action is exclusively public and political. When it enters the domain of private enterprise, and undertakes to do business for hire, like a private individual, it can not fail to be cheated, to lose money, to breed corruption, and to taint its whole public action. See how abominable a speculation these canals have been! Even when the roads were tolled for their benefit the public was taxed to make up the difference between their revenue and their expenditures. Now we pay our taxes yearly, and each year's accounts show a larger deficit. A million or two are spent every three or four years on the canals; but they are not only not completed, they are not kept in decent repair. A horde of hungry politicians—Democrats, Republicans, and Know Nothings, all fraternize in dividing the canal spoils—fatten on them; but the forwarders complain that their business is improperly done, and the owners of the canals—the people of the State—are nearly a million out of pocket by them every year.

Why should there be any further hesitation in the matter? The longer we keep the canals the more they will cost us. In the end we shall be forced to follow the example of Pennsylvania and other States, and sell them for what we can get for them. It may not be much; but at all events, when they are sold, there will be an end of the eternal appeals of the "friends of the canals" for "a little more money;" and the principal source of corruption in our New York politics will be cut off.

THE FUTURE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE NORTH.

THE elections of delegates to the General Conference of May, 1860, are proceeding, and the indications are that the ultra Northern party will succeed in obtaining something more than a majority in the General Conference, which is to be held at Buffalo. The question to be decided by that body is of sufficient public interest to deserve some notice at the hands of the secular press.

Those who are unfamiliar with the subject may need to be informed that a rule of the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church excludes from membership all persons who engage in "the buying and selling of men, women, and children, with the intention to enslave them." This rule has always been so interpreted as to apply solely to persons who reduce free human beings into slavery; the mere act of slaveholding has not been considered as covered by the rule, and, until 1856, no attempt had been made to impugn the membership of lay slaveholders who belonged to the Methodist Church North. Even those Northern men who, in 1844, took so active a part in denouncing the Southern bishop who had acquired slaves with his wife, did not, at that time, question the right of laymen to hold slaves without impairing their Church-membership. In the General Conference of 1856, however, the ground was taken by some members, that the rule covered the mere act of holding slaves, as well as the act of reducing freemen into slavery; and that if the present phraseology of the rule was not plain enough on this point it ought to be made plainer. A vote was taken; the advocates of the new view were defeated, and the old interpretation of the rule was sustained.

Ever since then the extreme Northern men have been actively organizing for a renewal of the struggle in 1860. One election has already been reported; the others which are to follow will, it is supposed, result in giving the ultra anti-slavery partisans a majority, which will secure the adoption of their rule by the General Conference, and its subsequent ratification by a majority of the Annual Conferences. The two Maryland Conferences, the Philadelphia Conference, the Conferences in New Jersey, and perhaps a few others, may oppose a resolute front to the innovators; but it is considered likely that they will constitute a minority.

Under the circumstances, the prospect is well calculated to provoke earnest, sober thought among the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There are, it is estimated, 30,000 slaves owned within the limits of the Northern division of the Church. In the event of the adoption of the proposed rule DECLARING SLAVEHOLDING A SIN, these and their owners would, of course, be at once driven out of the pale of the Church into some other denomination. Besides these there are, in all the large cities, and in several rural districts as well, large bodies of conservative laymen who may be expected to object to the wholesale denunciation of their slaveholding brethren. Many who submitted to the severance of the Church as an evil which, under the circumstances, it was difficult to prevent, may not prove as passive on this occasion, when they are requested to indorse a measure which is, at least, a barefaced affront to the entire laity of the Southern portion of the Church.

It is quite likely that the partisans of the new opinion have contemplated this result, and are prepared to carry out the dictates of their "conscience," even at the cost of one half the body of which they are members. The rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church, like those of the Roman Catholic, do not grant to laymen any voice in the government of the Church, which is wholly in the hands of the clergy. The members of the Conference have, therefore, the power to carry out their views. What disposition is to be made of the property of the Church, in the event of a new division, remains, however, to be ascertained. Most of the Methodist Episcopal churches in the North are at present mortgaged for large sums of money. The interest on these mortgages is paid out of the contributions of the laymen belonging to the Church. We understand that a careful inquiry establishes the fact that, in many sections, the bulk of the persons who contribute toward these payments are opposed to the enactment of the new rule; so strongly opposed to it, in fact, that should it be established they would, rather than become parties to a wholesale insult on their Southern brethren, decline to contribute any thing further toward the interest on the debt, and would suffer the churches to be sold under a foreclosure of the mortgages.

It is not unlikely, moreover, that questions may arise with regard to the legal right of the Conference to enact an *ex post facto* rule affecting vested rights. Whatever conditions a Conference may impose on future applicants for membership in the Church, legal authorities doubt whether it be in the power of that body to invalidate membership already acquired and actually existing. In the somewhat analogous case of the naturalization dispute, it was admitted, even by the extreme American leaders, that no law of Congress could disturb acquired rights of citizenship. Why the rule will not apply equally to Church-membership the advocates of the change will doubtless be prepared to show us. They will do well, also, to come provided with arguments and authorities to prove that the vested rights of the Church-members in the property of the Church, as well as Church-membership, may be confiscated at the pleasure of the Conference.

It is well that the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal body should bear these contingencies in mind. We do not, of course, presume to offer advice where there are so many and so much abler advisers in the ranks of the religious press. Possibly it may be for the advantage of most of the clergy of the Church to have a further split in the Northern body; we, a laymen, are not competent to judge of such matters. Nor should we presume to offer an opinion as to the probable effects on Methodism of a strife which should throw a number of its most eloquent men and able preachers into the arms of Episcopacy or Presbyterianism; this, too, is a matter of which secular writers must, of necessity, be imperfect judges. But if the adoption of the new rule is to lead to the sale at auction of the principal Methodist churches in the large cities, the event acquires a secular interest, and we rather think it will have an effect on the market for real estate.

THE LOUNGER.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

WE all think our neighbor's garden looks so beautiful; that his house is so neat and convenient, and that life slips on so smoothly with him. But then we don't see his back-yard. He doesn't come to see us when he has a headache, and if he is scolding his children or quarreling with his wife when we call upon him, he becomes at once as bland and sweet as sunshine and honey.

It is precisely in the same way that people of fifty look at young people, and wonder if boys and girls enjoy themselves as much as they used to. Many an old bachelor hangs round the ball-room at Saratoga and Newport, shaking his head dolefully, and informing you that the days when the lovely Smith and the celebrated Jones danced the old-fashioned quadrille were the days. Then Saratoga was Saratoga. Saratoga is a spectre now.

The old bachelor forgets the other old bachelors of an earlier date who used to say the same things to him. If we take people's words for it, the golden age was before the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the globe.

There is no author who mentions the matter at all, who does not complain of the decline and degeneracy of the age. Carlyle does so now, and Milton did so two centuries ago, and Luther a hundred years before, and Philip Sidney still earlier. Yes, and in the oldest book do we not read of vanity and vexation of spirit?

Doubtless the world is bad enough all the time, but the comfort is that it is continually growing better. There are always great weeds in the garden, and it is every man's duty who is sent into the garden to work, to be busily pulling them out. But if he lose heart, and think that they spring up faster than he can pull them down, he will not be a very useful worker. He will sigh and groan and lament until he becomes the worst weed of all.

But to suppose that the great Gardener will allow the weeds to choke the flowers, and that when he has laid out a garden, any infernal or supernal power can make it a waste of weeds, is to believe that he, too, is a servant, and a servant not of beauty and grace and joy, but of mockery and desolation.

Nobody who reads history with his mind as well as his eyes will have a very profound faith in the good old times. When were the good old times of England, of France, of Italy, or of Spain even, compared with the present? The most despotic monarch in Europe, Louis Napoleon, is compelled to explain himself constantly to the people. Even the Emperor of Austria issued a manifest to his empire indicating a vague sense of responsibility. No king in Europe feels that he reigns by divine right, except as every thing that exists is by divine permission.

This is but one point, yet it shows much. The leaven of liberty is always working in the world—and the history of progressive liberty is but another word for the story of human development. Who will deny that more men have more, know more, and have a greater freedom, politically and religiously, and make a better use of it than ever before?

In these days we look forward to the progress of the race. But when the race has advanced five more centuries, the poets will recur to the times in which we live as the good old times.

DIFFERENCES.

THE Philadelphia doctors have not the same reputation as the Philadelphia lawyers, whatever that may be, but they have recently "respectfully" recommended the regular faculty to frown upon all women who practice medicine. And yet there is not probably one of those doctors who has not been all the better in his youth for the medical care of his mother, nor one of their women-patients who, could she be sure of the equal skill and care of a fellow-woman, would not prefer to be visited and treated by her during the illness peculiar to women.

It was only about the time of Queen Anne in England that women left the practice of these branches; and there is nothing in the whole range of the study and practice of medicine to which women may not be equal. Those who are not equal to them, will be in the category of most of the long-haired young gentlemen at medical schools. Capacity for mastering medical mysteries does not depend upon sex, but upon sense; and although there are probably very few women at this moment in the country competent to practice successfully, those few are as competent as is necessary. It is not necessary to insist that every woman who would practice must be of equal skill with the few greatest men. The few greatest physicians in the country do not treat all the illness in it any more than the generals do all the fighting on the battle-field. That is done by the rank and file; and even the Philadelphia County Medical Society, assisted by the Pennsylvania State Medical Society—full of good men, and sensible men, as they, doubtless, both are—would hardly insist that nobody should serve as a soldier who was not in all respects the equal of the General. They would ask only, is he stout-hearted and nimble, and can he handle a musket?

While thus the Philadelphia doctors declare that women shall not help women in the very straits where women prefer women, a committee of well-known citizens of New York have made the final arrangements for the Female School of Design.

It remains to be seen whether the National Academy of Design will feel it to be their duty to recommend respectfully to the public that it shall not prefer the designs drawn by the young women when they (the designs, mark!) are prettier than those of young men. We are not sure that we are not doing a great injustice to the Academy even by the question. But we have no catalogue at hand. Would it be against the rules to admit Rosa Bonheur as an honorary member?

It is about eight years since the school was founded by a few ladies, with an advisory committee of gentlemen, who, alas the day! with one single exception, never advised any thing so far as we have learned. But the enterprise flourished; and when the Cooper Institute was completed, its founder did not hesitate to devote rooms to the use of the school; and to secure its permanent support, Industrial and amateur pupils, not under twelve, will be received—the latter only so long as the room is not occupied by the former. Amateur scholars will pay ten dollars a term for drawing, and twenty dollars for painting. All will furnish their materials, and members of the engraving class their tools. Industrial scholars will pay nothing further, and the studies will comprise every kind of ornamental designing, with particular attention to wood-engraving. There will be occasional sales of the pupils' works for their own benefit.

This is rather a comelier business than respectfully recommending to women not to allow other women to cure them when they are ill.

THE LYCEUM.

IT is almost time to hear the annual statement that the system of popular lectures has about run out. With the most perverse disregard of that important fact, we understand that the Lyceums every where are as busy as bees laying in their store of winter lectures; and the lecturers are as diligently making up their books as English noblemen on a Derby day.

There will be a natural interest to know of new lecturers; and the Lounger has two to mention—Mr. Fitz Hugh Ludlow, New York, whose "Hasheesh Eater" has introduced him into our literature and to public attention; and Rev. C. S. Henry, of Poughkeepsie, whose lecture upon the Goodness of good amusements will be found extremely good to take.

Of course nobody can puff a lecturer but himself. There is no dodging a failure. If a man goes upon the platform and has nothing to say, or says it badly, he will not be invited to go up there again. Moreover, as the ranks of the popular lecturers have been weeded, whoever enters the lists tries the test of brilliant companions. Not one of them who thus far holds his ground can foresee the moment when he shall find himself unequal to the position. They are all at the mercy of more earnest, more eloquent, more attractive men, whenever they shall appear.

May such incessantly crowd into the Lyceum! And may those who will then retire rejoice in the success of those who speak more wisely!

ANOTHER AFRICAN TRAVELER.

THE works of Drs. Barth and Livingstone are among the most valuable, and the latter one of the most interesting, of modern travel. They take us directly into the dumb, dark continent, which is now the great field left for adventurous research. They show us the theatre on which civilization has almost to begin its work. No man can dispense with the knowledge contained in those books.

The explorations are constantly going on. Africa is being tapped upon all sides, and knowledge oozes out of it, like the sweet sap of the maple. Seven years ago Dr. Charles Beke published a "Summary of Recent Nilotic Discovery," for the various attempts in that particular department had apparently brought the problem of the sources of the Nile to a probable early solution. Dr. Knoblecher had ascended the river to a point whence he could see mountains, only three degrees from the equator; while Drs. Krapf and Rebbman discovered the snow peak of Kenia, which they supposed to be about one degree south of the equator; and in the enthusiasm of discovery Krapf exclaims, "I could not doubt that the streams flowing northward from the Kenia pour into the White Nile." But it is by no means yet settled, although recent discoveries have favored the probability that the White branch is the main stream. All late explorations point to some lake. Krapf supposed the great Lake Usambiro, a little south of the equator, as the source of the mysterious river. It is a fascinating problem. Mehemet Ali sent two expeditions, of one of which Frederick Werne has written an interesting account. Explorers of various nations have joined the expeditions; and the Emperor of France has just fitted out another under the charge of Miani, a Venetian. Lieutenant Burton, a young English-Indian officer, now well known by his books of Eastern travel, the last of which contained an account of his visit to the Temple at Mecca, has entered Africa upon the eastern shore, and is yet to be heard from.

Meanwhile, an adopted American citizen, of French birth, Paul B. du Chaillu, sailed for Africa about four years ago, partly in the interest of the Philadelphia Natural History Society, and partly at his own expense; and has returned within a few days from an exploration of a region hitherto quite unknown. Entering at the mouth of the Gaboon River, he has made five separate expeditions, penetrating several hundred miles into the interior, finding cotton and sugar growing abundantly, and a race of negroes who, although cannibalistically inclined, were generally mild, and of whose arts M. du Chaillu has brought home specimens.

Some of these we have seen. The mats and cloth woven of a strong native grass, are remarkable not only for the fine quality of the work, but for an evident æsthetic taste in the combination of colors and the effect of designs. The javelin, of which the iron head is wrought of iron smelted by the natives, is singularly light and graceful.

Perhaps the point of most general popular interest in M. du Chaillu's exploration will be the fact that he has seen and carefully studied the largest and fiercest of the apes, whose character, appearance, and habits have been hitherto mainly a matter of report and speculation, the Gorilla, of which a few weeks since *Harper's Weekly* presented illustrations and descriptions. So far as appears, M. du Chaillu is the only white man who has ever seen the living Gorilla; Mr. Bowdich, as quoted by Wood, having only heard of him from the natives. M. du Chaillu brings prepared specimens of the animal, of his own shooting, which we hope the public will have an opportunity of examining. The Gorilla is a gigantic and grotesque caricature of the human being. His voice, a kind of bark, can be heard four miles in the forest; and with one blow of his huge paw he can destroy a man. The natives live in mortal dread of him. He lets his long arm quietly from a tree, catches an unwary passenger below, and chokes him, as little boys catch shiners and big men larger fish—for fun. He is a terrible fellow—we mean the Gorilla, not the boy or man. Fishy Loungers probably serve them up as scalier than the most depraved denizens of the deep.

A work from M. du Chaillu, describing his adventures and discoveries, would be a valuable contribution to the literature of African research.

BOOK-BUYING.

To a lover of books a book-store is homeopathic in its effects. A man who has an ardent desire to buy some precious volume enters the shop; but he finds upon the shelves so many other precious volumes which he equally wants that it seems useless to buy one; and every moment, as he looks farther and sees more, the chance of his purchasing dwindles.

No man knows how many books there are which no gentleman's library should be without, until he drops into any well-selected collection. But he learns at the same time and place how many there are which his own library can never possess.

It is with book-buying as with travel. Why go to Rome, says the sad idler who has but seven months to spend, since I can not go to the Second Cataract of the Nile? Why buy Gibbon's History, or Camden, or Anthony Wood—why buy any book, or any ten books, in fact, says the despairing customer, surveying the alluring shelves, since I must leave so many behind? I would so gladly have Sully's Memoirs, and Gibbon's, too! But here are Harrington's Oceana—here are Wotton's Reliques—here is Godwin's Political Justice.

Yet it would be a very foolish fellow who would not look at an opal because he could not see a diamond—a very absurd traveler who would shut his eyes in Prague because he could not open them in St. Petersburg. So in book-buying: why should you not have Shakespeare because you can not have Decker—or Milton, because, until lately, Marvell was difficult to find?

There is always this consolation for a book-buyer, that the best books are the most common and cheapest. On the day it is published there is of course an entire edition of any worthless work; but in ten years it is uncommon; in twenty, a copy is rare; in fifty, it is obsolete. Every man now living, who honors literature and respects books, may please himself with the conviction that his grandchildren will know nothing of Martin Farquhar Tupper, except as he himself knows of Amos Cottle. Who reads Sylvester's Du Bartas now? or Shadwell's plays? or Dr. Garth's Dispensary?

Rarity has a charm in books as in all other material commodities. But the readers of books which are distinctively rare are men of quaint and crotchety, rather than of broad and humane, minds. A syllabus of a course of reading which should embrace the books that are best, and therefore most desirable in their kind, would name those which are most familiar. Because the rare books are read for some special intellectual whim of the reader, or to gratify some little vanity of seeing and knowing what others do not know and have not seen—not because it is something worth knowing or seeing. It is like any other feat whose excellence lies in its difficulty. It is akin to the same feeling which leads a man to go up in a balloon, or to straddle a weathercock—because so few people have done it or can do it.

A book-buyer is often secretly astonished at the dimensions of certain works, and wonders if any body in good faith did ever read them. Lately we came upon a huge folio, black and forbidding, which, upon turning back the lid—for it was rather that than a cover—proved to be "The third tome of Papal Usurpations," by the tough old William Prynne. There was a modern volume upon each page. A man might begin his day's work with the top, and stop for lunch at the bottom; going on through the afternoon and night with the next page. What living man has honestly read Prynne's "Histrio-mastix," of which there are more than a thousand pages? When we seriously compute the length of life—the time that must be given to eating, to business, to sleeping, to recreation—and then consider how many of these close and black lines of unattractive print could be mastered in an hour—and then in a day, or a week, or a year—we can only say, humbly, Who is equal to these things? Macaulay (or is it Sydney Smith?) complains that somebody had forgotten, in writing his book, the average duration of human existence. Whoever will take the trouble to look at "the third tome of Papal Usurpations," by William Prynne, will perfectly understand the Puritan exodus to America and the Revolution of 1645. How the Cavaliers must have hated people who could write such lengths of tedious stuff! and how the people who wrote them must have despised the Cavaliers who would not be edified!

There was a friend of the Lounger's who, several years since—he was a clergyman—subscribed to an edition of Calvin's Works: John Calvin's, of Geneva, who did not love Servetus. At the last report we had from this victim of an unwary subscription the fifty-fifth volume had arrived. The clergyman himself has gone abroad to travel for his health.

So in a weak moment we subscribed, several years since, to Von Hammer Purgstall's "History of Arabian Literature." It is already a body of biography. Seven vast volumes, one of 1379 pages, are already issued. The work is perhaps half done, and there are already 9915 authors named—the nine thousandth nine hundredth and fifteenth having the resounding name of Bint Mohammed B. Ahmed ed-Dschendi.

Mr. Alibone, in his admirable Dictionary of English and American Authors, proposes to treat of 30,000 different writers. He says, in his preface, "It has been computed that of the 650,000 (?) volumes in the English language, about 50,000 would repay a perusal. Suppose a person to read 100 pages a day, or 100 volumes a year, it would require 500 years to exhaust such a library."

So, as a man can not tread upon every acre upon the globe, he can not cover the field of literature by the most superficial reading. Let him therefore make his choice, and choose his books. Whole ranges and departments he may pass unnoticed, and therefore he will light with the more profound delight upon the best editions of the best authors. The student of literature, when he has filled his mind with its history and the men who made it, will find no pleasanter place in which to play the Lounger than any well-filled store in which—happy, if in the original editions—he may see at least the general aspect of famous books.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—BOCCHORIS writes from Georgia, apropos of the robbery of the Chiriqui graves:

"Do you consider the robbing of graves a legitimate source of wealth? If humanity can claim that it has any thing sacred, is it not the grave? If one should break open the graves of Greenwood Cemetery to get the jewelry from bodies buried there, would he not be pronounced a consummate villain? Historians have warmly censured Napoleon for removing from the tomb of Frederick the Great his sword and orders."

OUR NEWPORT CORRESPONDENCE.

[☞ This letter was unavoidably crowded out of our last issue.]

The Newport Festival.—The Procession, etc.—Grand Fête at Mrs. K——g's.—Good-looking Men.—Anglo-Saxon Type.—Dresses from Madame Roger's.—Beautiful Women.—Miss P——y, etc., etc.

OCEAN HOUSE, *Wednesday*.

YESTERDAY was the Newport Festival—the gathering of her absent "sons" and daughters to be welcomed and entertained by their kindred who had remained at home. The auspicious "23d of August" was ushered in by a tumultuous ringing of all the bells of the town; and it might have been said of this as of Prospero's island, "The isle is full of noises, sounds, and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not," though they did banish morning slumbers; but that annoyance was soon forgotten in the glad feeling that the good people had such favorable weather for their celebration. A rainy day would have spoiled all the holiday clothes and all the holiday feelings. As it was, all passed off most satisfactorily.

There was a *procession*, and a big tent in a field near this house, and in which there was much feasting and speechifying. The steamers for two days before had come in laden with joyous groups, and the streets of the town were crowded with animated parties, evidently engaged in recognizing old familiar scenes, and in comparing the Newport of the past with the Newport of the present. We think there is always much to interest in any popular manifestation of feeling; and it is so seldom that in this country we have any thing like a fête for the multitude, that it was pleasant to see it so heartily entered into and enjoyed.

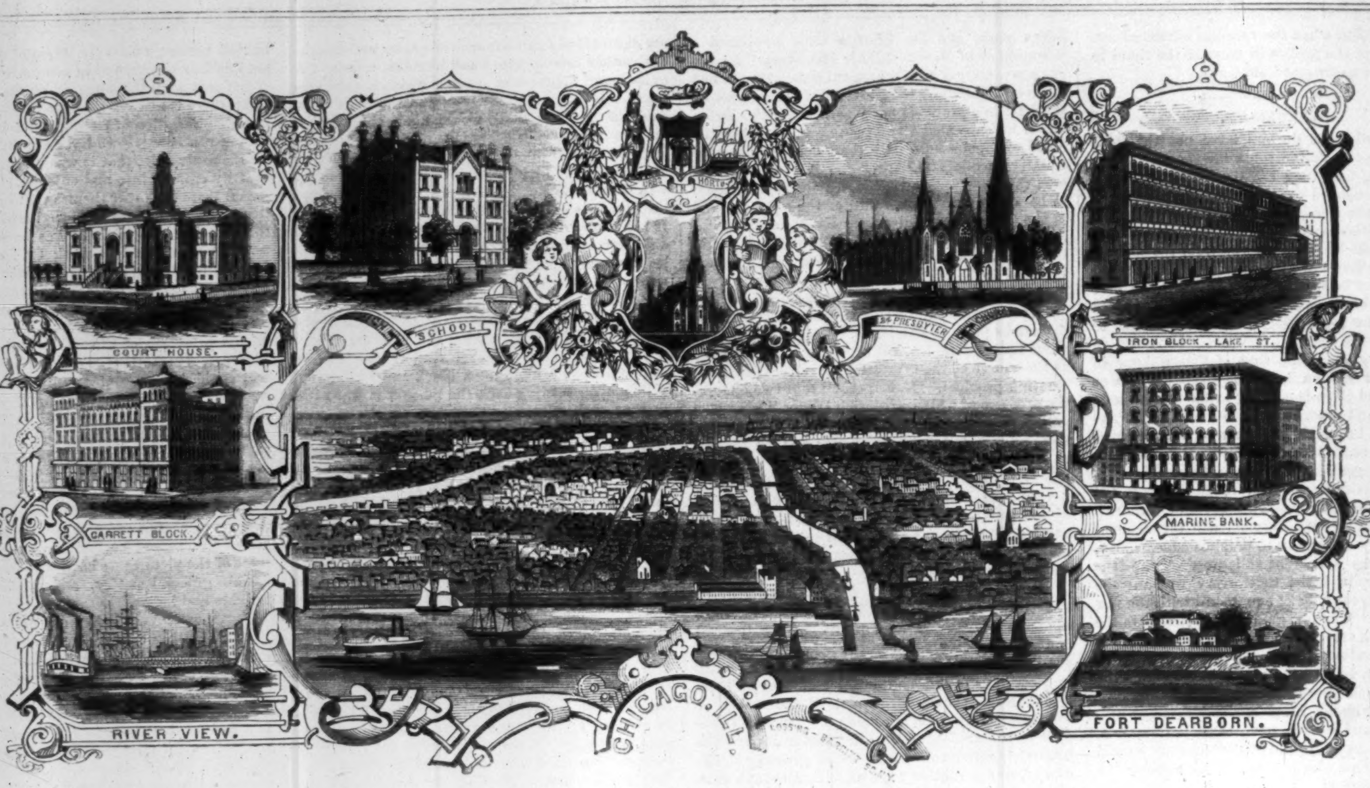
But there are other themes that claim our attention now; for besides the usual *soirées dansantes* of the different hotels there has been a superb entertainment given last week by Mr. and Mrs. E. K——g to the élite of the fashionable world now sojourning in these parts. The grounds and shrubberies of this noble mansion are prettily laid out, and on this occasion were lighted and decorated with a profusion of Chinese lanterns; and the alleys carpeted, so that the daintiest satin-slippered foot could fear no contact with damp when escaping from the heat of the dancing-room to the tempting coolness of the garden; but we thought the fair shoulders that we met seemed but inadequately protected from the night air—the delicate embroidered pocket-handkerchief hastily thrown over them being, in most instances, their only covering. That the picturesque effect was increased by this absence of shawls and cloaks was certain, and the scene was indeed enchanting, reminding one of some of the pictures we have seen illustrating Boccacio's graceful poetry, and of Italian fêtes of knights and ladies.

For these lovely ladies did not want for stately and befitting companions and cavaliers on this evening, for seldom any where have we seen such a number of good-looking young men as were here assembled. It is certainly unusual in this country, impossible in France, and only to be equaled in a London ball-room in the height of "the season," when the near approach of the "Derby day" shall have filled "town" with the best looking of the handsome manhood of England. We considered and speculated upon this fact in a philosophical mood, and found the reason of it in the circumstance that at Newport just now there is a collection of educated young men from all parts of our broad country; and on this occasion all the cities had given of their "cream" for it, and the polished planters of the South and their stately cousins of the West were also well and worthily represented. It was pleasant, too, to us who love it, to see the Anglo-Saxon type so decidedly predominating among them. We have sometimes feared it was dying out in the land, and that our sons had not inherited their father's faces, any more than their manners and their morals, and looked more like Frenchmen than we should wish those speaking the English language ever could do; but this evening we were reassured. There were the straight backs and well-poised heads and well-grown limbs of our English blood; English, too, was the free step and the somewhat serious but unaffected and earnest manner. We may seem to dwell too long upon this theme, but it is not always that we are so well pleased with our young countrymen, and we have no intention of unduly exciting the vanity of any by naming those (though we might easily do so) whom we thought excelling in personal attributes and good looks.

But it is the turn of the ladies now, though we think they will pardon us the precedence we have given to the masculines for this "once only." There were so many Parisian-looking toilets at this party that one felt at once they had but just arrived from the skillful hands of Madame Roger herself; and this was the truth in regard to many of them. And after all, there is a decided charm, it must be confessed, in a well-made Paris dress. The lovely mistress of the mansion, it seems to us, would not so gracefully have enacted her part in receiving her splendid company—certainly would not have looked so very prettily in so doing—but that her fair beauty was set off to the best advantage by one of these charming dresses of Madame Roger's. It was of superb black lace, disposed in a sort of tunic upon a white silk dress, and dark ribbons with stars of gold in them holding up this trimming, and producing a harmonious and most becoming effect. There were present several of these famous tunic dresses of Madame Roger's, and very becoming they are to tall and elegant figures like those of Miss L——y and her fair cousins, who were among those scattered this evening; and like all fashions which differ from the prevailing one, they must be "*très bien portée*" to produce a pleasing effect.

And now, amidst the throng of other lovely women who crowd upon our recollection as the ornaments of this festive scene, who shall first receive our notice? Shall it be those whom the world claims and salutes as the most beautiful, or those who may seem such to our own private judgment? To name Mrs. A——t L——e satisfies both of these awards. Look well at her, and you will say so too. Observe the regular contour of the face, the well-turned head and throat, the brilliant dark eyes, and brilliant coloring of lip and cheek. This lady was admirably dressed, and jewels and the richest lace seemed but the fitting garb of her queenly beauty. And yet how sweet and gentle and unaffected she is, as all pretty women should be, but are not!

But the unmarried ladies, who always think so much of themselves, will think it is their turn now; but of these some have already had notice due in these our humble comments. But there is one of whom we must speak, for her lovely face haunts our memory most pertinaciously. Miss P——y bears a name distinguished in her country's annals for the brave deeds of the men who have borne it as for the beauty of their sisters and daughters. This one has the large, lustrous eyes, and dark, thoughtful eyebrows, and soft yet rich coloring of one of Raphael's Madonnas, or perhaps one of those delicious heads of Andrea del Shito, which seem so to unite the charm of girlish innocence with an air of spiritual meaning and inborn expression. Our heroine was charmingly dressed in simply-flowing robes of white tarletane, and a few flowers well placed in the dark tresses.


COURT HOUSE.
SCHOOL
2d PRESBYTER
IRON BLOCK . LAKE ST.
GARRETT BLOCK.
MARINE BANK.
RIVER VIEW.
FORT DEARBORN.
CHICAGO. ILL.
LOSSING - BARRITT SC. N.Y.

THE CITY OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

THE GREAT GRANARIES OF CHICAGO.

THE awakening of the great Northwestern country has commenced at Chicago. The short crop of 1858, following close on the heels of the revulsion of 1857, well-nigh prostrated the Western States. For two years, or nearly so, the bulk of the Western people have been poor; their cities have not increased; their merchants have done little or no business; their railroads have barely earned expenses and interest. Now, at length, the bountiful harvest of 1859 has come to put an end to the long agony, and restore to the West its former activity and prosperity.

Chicago, the entrepôt for the grain trade of the Northwest, is the first point at which the recovery is felt. During the past fortnight the telegraphic announcement of large arrivals of wheat at Chicago has created quite a marked excitement in Wall Street. And justly so. Large arrivals and shipments of grain from Chicago will once more set the wheels of commerce in motion, and efface the last vestiges of the sad crisis of 1857.

We have thought that under these circumstances our readers would like to see pictures of the place, and of the great granaries, which are such powerful instruments in the pending work of recovery. We accordingly engrave herewith a view of the city of Chicago, and of its principal public buildings; also a view of part of the dépôt of the Illinois Central Railroad, showing the two vast store-houses of Sturgis, Buckingham, & Co. We propose next week to follow this up with other similar engravings.

It is hardly necessary to say any thing of the city of Chicago. Its miraculous growth—the extraordinary energy of its people—the public spirit they have shown in promoting public works—its unparalleled advantages of situation—its immense commerce—all these are matters of public notoriety, and justify the name it has won of the New York of the West. Men still live, and do not consider themselves old, who have owned farms in the heart of the present city of Chicago; yet last year the commerce of the place, as expressed in imports and exports, was one-fourth as great as the whole foreign trade of the United States. This, too, is the return for the year 1858, a year of general depression. The actual figures were—imports $91,636,000; exports $83,259. The tonnage was—steam vessels 8151 tons, sailing craft 58,771 tons. Very few cities in the world have such a future before them as Chicago.

It is needless to say that the staple trade of Chicago is in cereal products—wheat, corn, oats, barley, etc. It is the dépôt into which the fertile Northwest pours its annual surplus, and from whence it is distributed throughout the East and South, and the foreign world. A large trade is done at Chicago in provisions and hides, salt, lumber, high wines, etc.; and in a few years we may expect that the traffic in coal and lead will be quite considerable; but grain must even then be the chief article of trade.

For the reception of grain enormous store-houses have been erected at Chicago, at or near the principal railway dépôts. The two represented in our engraving are used by the Illinois Central Railroad. Each of these immense buildings is capable of containing 700,000 bushels of wheat, and 225,000 bushels can be received and stored in each of them in a single day. These figures fail perhaps to convey to the mind the actual quantity meant; it may be realized when we say that these two granaries held enough grain for the consumption of the people of Chicago for five years. If the place were blockaded, these granaries being previously filled, they alone would supply every human being in Chicago with his usual supply of wheat for the period of five years.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

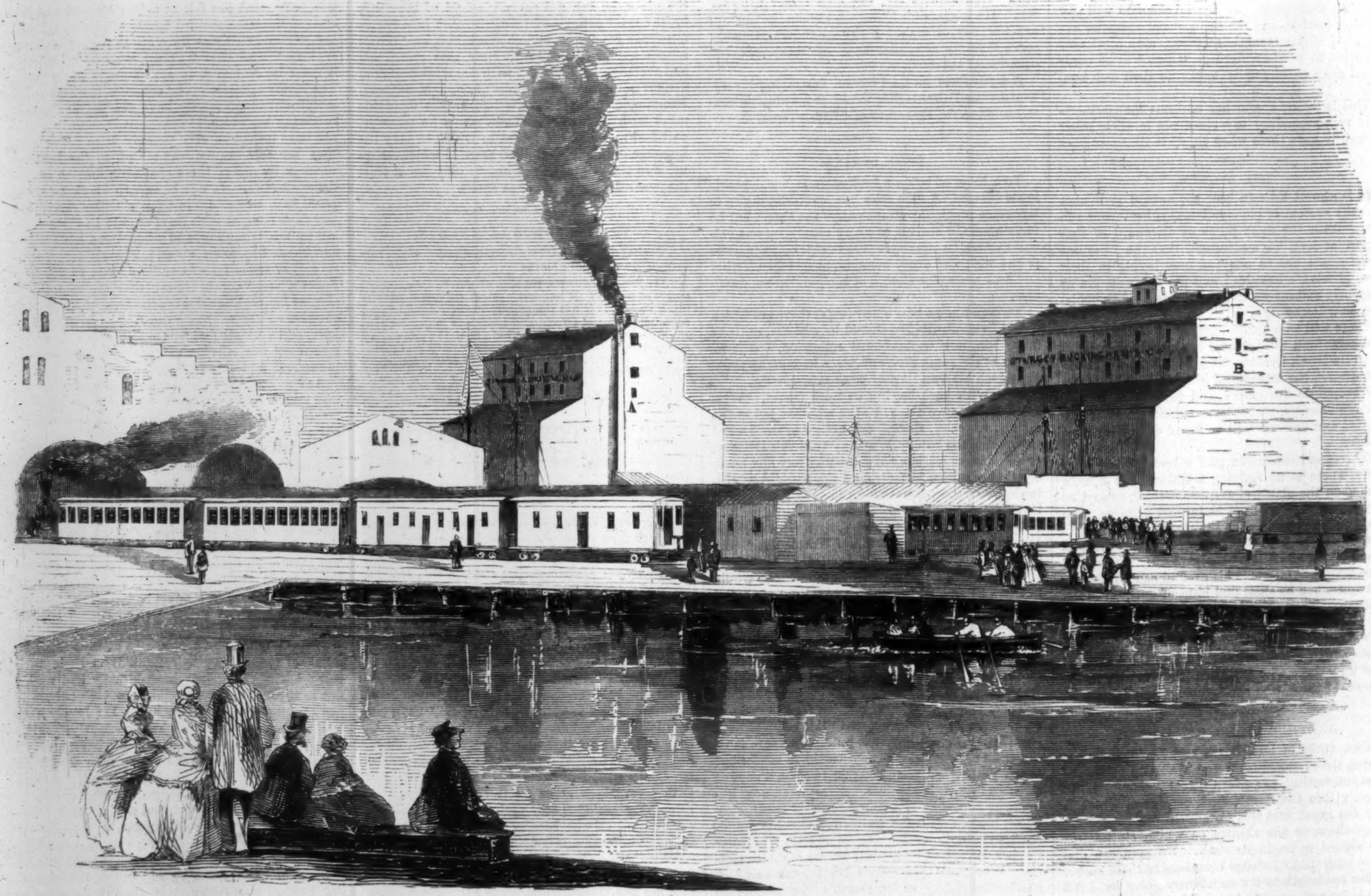
TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

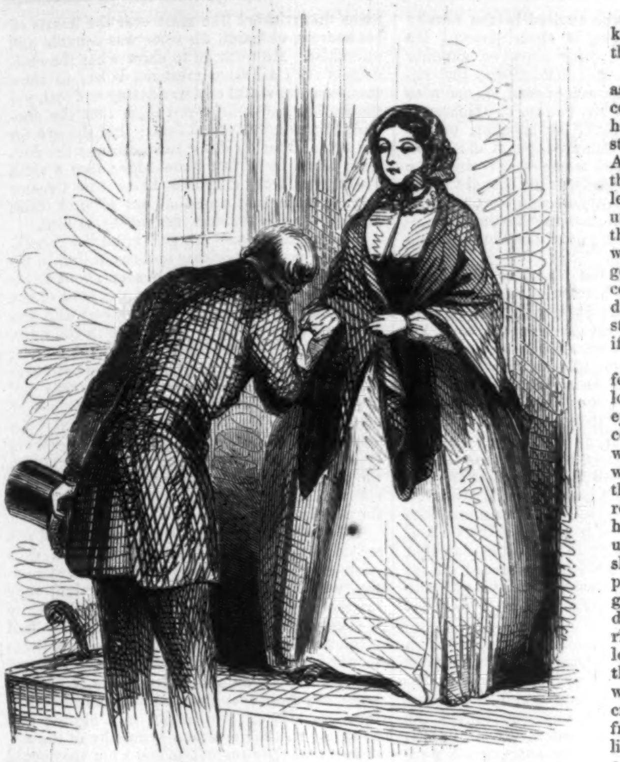
CHAPTER LI.

CLEARING AND CLOUDY.

IT was a very bare, melancholy room in which Aunt Martha lived; not only because it was unfurnished and generally desolate, with no other outlook than into the yards of the South Street stores, and the patch of sky over the South Street roofs. Not for these only, but because the woman who sat there clad in black, and solemnly and endlessly sewing by the huge basket on the floor, seemed to belong to other circumstances—to gentle friends, to a kind home. It was like a high, remote cave over the great sea of the city, scooped in a sorry cliff, with no bird to sing in it, no green leaves to wave and hang in it, no cheerful sounds of domestic neighborhood to soften it. Only, all day long, the hard roar of the town—only, at morning and even-



PART OF THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD DÉPÔT AT CHICAGO.



FAREWELL!

ing, and through the long night, a stony oppression, as of a tomb, and the hard roar, the stony oppression, the sad sunshine, the dull back of the South Street stores, the scant, poor furniture—all seemed to be ministers of divine justice, as the woman surveyed them, looking up sometimes from her work, and apparently pleased to feel how forlorn, and forgotten, and omitted in the world she was.

At night, when she blew out the thin flame of the candle, whose ghostly light had only served to make the desolate chamber more ghastly and more terrified with itself, she said, with a weariness that no soul on earth knew, "Another day is past, O God!" as if she had told another bead upon the black rosary of time.

It was summer again, and she sat sewing in the hardest of wooden chairs, erect, motionless. Yet all the bleakness of the room was conquered by the victorious bloom of Amy's cheeks, and the tender maidenliness of Amy's manner, and the winning, human, sympathetic sweetness which was revealed in every word and look of Amy, who sat beside her aunt, talking.

"Amy, Lawrence Newt has been here."

The young woman looked almost troubled.

"No, Amy, I know you did not tell him," said Aunt Martha. "I was all alone here, as usual, and heard a knock. I cried, 'Who's there?' for I am afraid to open the door, lest I should see an old friend. My knees trembled, Amy. I thought the time had come for me to be exposed to the world, that the divine wrath might be fulfilled in my perfect shame. I had no right to resist, and said, 'Come in!' The door opened, and a man entered whom I did not at first recognize. He looked at me for a moment, kindly—so kindly, that it seemed to me as if a gentle hand were laid upon my head. Then he said, 'Martha Darro.' 'I am ready,' I answered. But he came to me and took my hand, and said, 'Why, Martha, have you forgotten Lawrence Newt?'"

She stopped in her story, and leaned back in her chair. The work fell from her thin fingers, and she wept—soft tears, like a spring rain.

"Well?" said Amy, after a few moments, and her hand had taken Aunt Martha's, but she let it go again when she saw that it helped her to tell the story if she worked.

"He said he had seen you at the window one day, and he was resolved to find out what brought you into Front Street. But before he could make up his mind to come, he chanced to see me at the same window, and then he waited no longer."

The tone was more natural than Amy had ever heard from Aunt Martha's lips. She remarked that the severity of her costume was unchanged, except that a little strip of white collar around the throat somewhat alleviated its dense gloom. Was it Amy's fancy, merely, that made her think she saw a more human light in her aunt's eyes and upon her face?

"Well?" said Amy, again, after another pause.

The solemn woman did not immediately answer, but went on sewing, and rocking her body as she did so. Amy waited patiently until her aunt should choose to answer. She waited the more patiently because she was telling herself who it was that had brought that softer light into the face, if, indeed, it were really there. She was thinking why he had been curious to know the reason that she had come into that room. She was remembering a hundred little incidents which had revealed his constant interest in all her comings and goings and doings; and therefore she started when Aunt Martha, still rocking and sewing, said, quietly,

"Why did Lawrence Newt care what brought you here?"

Amy's answer was not original. It has been made as often as that question has been asked.

"I'm sure I don't know, Aunt Martha."

Miss Amy looked as indifferent as she could, knowing that her companion was studying her face. And it was a study that companion relentlessly pursued, until Amy remarked that Lawrence Newt was such a generous gentleman that he could get wind of no distress but he instantly looked to see if he could relieve it.

Finding the theme fertile, Amy Waring, looking with tender eyes at her relative, continued. And yet with all the freedom with which she told the story of Lawrence Newt's large heart, there was an unusual softness and shyness in her appearance. The blithe glance was more drooping. The clear, ringing voice was lower. The words that generally fell with such a neat, crisp articulation from her lips now lingered upon them as if they were somehow honeyed, and so flowed more smoothly and more slowly. She told of her first encounter with Mr. Newt at the Widow Simmer's—she told of all that she had heard from her cousin, Gabriel Bennet.

"Indeed, Aunt Martha, I should like to have every body think of me as kindly as he thinks of every body."

She had been speaking for some time. When she stopped, Aunt Martha said, quietly,

"I am glad to hear of such a man. I doubted if there were any such. But, Amy, although you have told me how charitable he is, you have not told me why he wanted to come here because he saw you at the window."

"I suppose," replied Amy, "it was because he thought there must be somebody to relieve here."

"Don't you suppose he thinks there is somebody to relieve in the next house, and the next, and has been ever since he has had an office in South Street?"

Amy felt very warm, and replied, carelessly, that she thought it was quite likely.

"I have plenty of time to think up here, my child," continued Aunt Martha. "God is so good that He has spared my reason, and I have satisfied myself why Lawrence Newt wanted to come here."

Amy sat without replying, as if she were listening to distant music. Her head drooped slightly forward; her hands were clasped in her lap; the delicate color glimmered upon her cheek, now deepening, now paling. It was a woman's instinct not to seem to know what was coming, however sure she was. The silence was exquisite, but she must break it.

"Why?" said she, in a low voice.

"Because he loves you, Amy," said the dark woman, as her busy fingers stitched without pausing.

Amy Waring was perfectly calm. The roar of the busy city was softened to a constant hum in that back upper room. She could not speak now. She sat to hear what her aunt would say next.

"I know that he loves you from the way in which he spoke of you. I know you love him for the same reason."

Aunt Martha went on working and rocking. Amy turned pale. She had not dared to say to herself what another had now said to her. Perhaps it was sweet to hear, but she was conscious of a painful thought, which entirely engrossed her mind. If Aunt Martha has seen this so plainly, why may not Lawrence Newt have seen it? She was half indignant with herself at the thought. But why should I be sorry if he has? she asked herself. Am I ashamed of—of—of—? Who could help it? Besides, there's no danger of his loving me.

Love is such a sweet skeptic. It would have impossibilities, and the greatest impossibility to the lover is that he should be loved as he loves.

A long silence followed the last words of Aunt Martha. She did not look at Amy, for she had no external curiosity to satisfy, and she was a woman, and therefore understood what Amy was thinking.

They were still silent, when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the clear, hard voice of Aunt Martha.

The door opened—the two women looked—and Lawrence Newt walked into the room. He shook hands with Aunt Martha, and then turned to Amy.

"This time, Miss Amy, I have caught you. Have I not kept your secret well?"

Amy was thinking of another secret than Aunt Martha's living in Front Street, and she merely blushed, without speaking.

"I tried very hard to persuade myself to come up here after I saw you at the window. But I did not until the secret looked out of the window and revealed itself. I came to-day to say that I am going out of town in a day or two, and that I should like, before I go, to know that I may do what I can to put matters straight."

He looked at the solemn woman as he spoke, but he used no address in speaking to her. It was only the inclination of his head that showed to whom he was speaking.

Aunt Martha shook her head slowly. "Why should it be?" said she. "Great sin must be greatly punished. To die, while I live; to be buried alive close to my nearest and dearest; to know that my sister thinks of me as dead, and is glad that I am so—"

"Stop, Aunt Martha, stop!" cried Amy, with the same firm tone in which, upon a previous visit, in this room, she had dismissed the insolent shopman, "how can you say such things?" and she stood, radiant, before her aunt, while Lawrence Newt looked on.

"Amy, dear, you can not understand. Sons and daughters of evil, when we see that we have sinned, we must be brave enough to assist in our own punishment. God's mercy enables me tranquilly to suffer the penalty which his justice awards me. My path is very plain. Please God, I shall walk in it."

She said it very slowly, and solemnly, and sadly. Whatever her offense was, she had invested her situation with the dignity of a religious duty. It was clear that her idea of obedience to God was to do precisely what she was doing. And this was so deeply impressed upon Amy Waring's mind that she was perplexed how to act. She knew that if her aunt suspected in her any intention of revealing the secret of her abode, she would disappear at once, and elude all search. And to betray it while it was unreservedly confided to her was impossible for Amy, even if she had not solemnly promised not to do so.

Observing that Amy meant to say nothing, Lawrence Newt turned to Aunt Martha.

"I will not quarrel with what you say, but I want you to grant me a request."

Aunt Martha bowed, as if waiting to see if she could grant it.

"If it is not unreasonable, will you grant it?"

"I will," said she.

"Well, now please, I want you to go next Sunday and hear a man preach, whom I am very fond of hearing, and who has been of the greatest service to me."

"Who is it?"

"First, do you ever go to church?"

"Always."

"Where?"

Aunt Martha did not directly reply. She was lost in reverie.

"It was a youth like an angel," said she at length, with an air of curious excitement, as if talking to herself. "His voice was music, but it struck my soul through and through, and I was frightened and in agony, as if I had been pierced with the flaming sword that waves over the gate of Paradise. The light of his words made my sin blacker and more loathsome. Oh! what crowds there were! How he walked upon a sea of sinners, with their uplifted faces, like waves white with terror! How fierce his denunciation! How sweet the words of promise he spake! 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.'"

She had risen from her chair, and stood with her eyes lifted in a singular condition of mental exaltation, which gave a lyrical tone and flow to her words.

"That was Summerfield," said Lawrence Newt. "Yes, he was a wonderful youth. I have heard him myself, and thought that I saw the fire of Whitfield, and heard the sweetness of Charles Wesley. I used to go into the old John Street meeting-house, where the crowds hung out at the windows and doors like swarming bees clustered upon a hive. He swayed them as a wind bends a grain-field, Miss Amy. He swept them away like a mountain stream. He was an Irishman, with all the fervor of Irish genius. But," continued Lawrence Newt, turning again to Aunt Martha, "it is a very different man I want you to hear."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"His name is Channing. He comes from Boston."

"Does he preach the truth?" she asked.

"I think he does," answered Lawrence, gravely.

"Does he drive home the wrath of God upon the sinful, rebellious soul?" exclaimed she, raising both hands with the energy of her words.

"He preaches the Gospel of Christ," said Lawrence Newt, quietly; "and I think you will like him, and that he will do you good. He is called—"

"I don't care what he is called," interrupted Aunt Martha, "if he makes me feel my sin."

"That you will discover for yourself," replied Lawrence, smiling. "He makes me feel mine."

Aunt Martha, whose ecstasy had passed, seated herself, and said she would go, as Mr. Newt requested, on the condition that neither he nor Amy, if they were there, would betray that they knew her.

This was readily promised, and Amy and Lawrence Newt left the room together.

"Miss Amy," said he, as they walked slowly toward Fulton Street, "I hope that, gradually, we may overcome this morbid state of mind in your aunt, and restore her to her home."

Amy said she hoped so, and walked quietly by his side. There was something almost humble in her manner. Her secret was her own no longer. Was it Lawrence Newt's?

"I didn't say why I was going out of town. Yet I ought to tell you," said he.

"Why should you tell me?" she answered, quickly.

"Because it concerns our friend Hope Wayne," said Lawrence. "See, here is the note which I received this morning."

As he spoke he opened it, and read aloud:

"MY DEAR MR. NEWT,—Mrs. Simcoe writes me that grandfather has had a stroke of paralysis, and lies very ill. Aunt Dinks has, therefore, resolved to leave on Monday, and I shall go with her. She seems very much affected indeed by the news. Mrs. Simcoe writes that the doctor says grandfather will hardly live more than a few days, and she wishes you could go on with us. I know that you have some kind of association with Pinewood—you have not told me what. In this summer weather you will find it very beautiful; and you know how glad I shall be to have you for my guest. My guest, I say; for while grandfather lies so dangerously ill I must be what my mother would have been—mistress of the house. I shall hardly feel more lonely than I always did when he was active, for we had but little intercourse. In case of his death, which I suppose to be very near, I shall not care to live at the old place. In fact, I do not very clearly see what I am to do. But there is One who does; and I remember my dear old nurse's hymn, 'On Thee I cast my care.' Come if you can.

"Your friend,

"HOPE WAYNE."

Lawrence Newt and Amy walked on for some time in silence. At length Amy said,

"It is just one of the cases in which it is a pity she is not married or engaged."

"Isn't that always a pity for a young woman?" asked Lawrence, shooting entirely away from the subject.

"Theoretically, yes," replied Amy, firmly, "but not actually. It may be a pity that every woman is not married; but it might be a greater pity that she should marry any one of the men who ask her."

"Of course," said Lawrence Newt, dryly, "if she didn't love him."

"Yes, and sometimes even if she did."

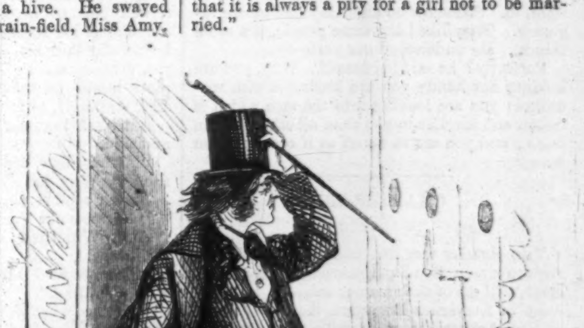
Amy Waring was conscious that her companion looked at her in surprise as she said this, but she fixed her eyes directly before her, and walked straight on.

"Oh yes," said Mr. Newt. "I see. You mean when he does not love her."

"No, I mean sometimes even when they do love each other," said the resolute Amy.

Lawrence Newt was alarmed. Does she mean to convey to me delicately that there may be cases of true mutual love where it is better not to marry? thought he. Where, for instance, there is a difference of age, perhaps, or where there has been some other and earlier attachment?

"I mean," said Amy, as if answering his thoughts, "that there may sometimes be reasons why even lovers should not marry—reasons which every noble man and woman understand. And therefore I do not agree with you that it is always a pity for a girl not to be married."



THREE IN THE MORNING.

Lawrence Newt said nothing. Amy Waring's voice almost trembled with emotion, for she knew that her companion might easily misunderstand what she said; and yet there was no way to help it. That companion, indeed, could not divest himself of the feeling that there was some peculiar meaning in the words he had heard. He perceived the half-conscious, shy manner of Amy, which he supposed arose from the effort of saying what she had said. How could he guess that it was the result of Aunt Martha's disclosure of Amy's secret to Amy herself?

They walked silently on. The people in the street passed them like spectres. The great city hummed around them unheard. Lawrence Newt half-smiled to himself. "So you have waked up at last, have you? You have found that because a beautiful young woman is kind to you, it does not follow that she will one day be your wife."

His mind drifted away into sweet and sorrowful fancies. It had come at last, then—the discovery that he had hardly dared own to himself—and, at the same moment, the perception that it was all in vain. But the very delicacy with which it had been conveyed to him only deepened and purified the feeling.

"At least," he thought, with tenderness and longing toward the beautiful girl that walked beside him, "at least, I was not mistaken. She was nobler and lovelier than I supposed."

At length he said,

"I have written to ask Hope Wayne to go and hear my preacher to-morrow. Miss Amy, will you go too?"

She looked at him and bowed. Her eyes were glistening with tears.

"My dearest Miss Amy," said Lawrence Newt, impetuously, seizing her hand, as her face turned toward him.

"Oh! please, Mr. Newt—please—" she answered, hastily, in a tone of painful entreaty, withdrawing her hand from his grasp, confused and very pale.

The words died upon his lips.

"Forgive me—forgive me!" he said, with an air of surprise and sadness, and with a voice trembling with tenderness and respect. Then he gently took her hand and laid her arm in his, as if to show that now they understood each other perfectly, and all was well.

"At least, Miss Amy," he said, by-and-by, tranquilly, and with the old cheerfulness, "at least we shall be friends."

Amy Waring bent her head and was silent. It seemed to her that she was suffocating, as his words apprised her in turn how strangely she had been mistaken.

They said nothing more. Arm in arm they passed up Broadway. Every moment Amy Waring supposed the merchant would take leave of her and return to his office. But every moment he was farther from doing it. Abel Newt and Grace Plumer passed them, and opened their eyes; and Grace said to Abel,

"How long has Amy Waring been engaged to your Uncle Lawrence?"

To Amy the world had suddenly become a sad, sober world, in which there are serious duties to fulfill—in which we must awake from pleasant dreams—in which we must see the dear hopes of our hearts wither and drop like the leaves in autumn.

When they reached Amy's door Lawrence Newt raised her hand, bent over it with that quaint, courtly respect, held it a moment, then pressed it to his lips. He looked up at her. She was standing on the step; her full, dark eyes, swimming with moisture, were fixed upon his; her luxuriant hair curled over her clear, rich cheeks—youth, love, and beauty, they were all there. Lawrence Newt could hardly believe they were not all his. It was so natural to think so. Somehow he and Amy had grown together. They liked the same people, the same things. He understood her perfectly.

Perfectly? he said to himself. Why, you are holding her hand; you are kissing it with reverence; you are looking into the face which is dearer and lovelier to you than all other human faces; and you are as far off as if oceans rolled between.

CHAPTER LII.

IN CHURCH.

The Sunday morning bells rang loud from river to river. Loud and sharp they rang in the clear, still air of the summer morning, as if the voice of Everardus Bogardus, the old Dominie of New Amsterdam, were calling the people in many tones to be up and stirring, and eat breakfast, and wash the breakfast things, and be in your places early, with bowed heads and reverent minds, and demurely hear me tell you what sinners you always have been and always will be, so help me God, I, Everardus Bogardus, in the clear summer morning, ding, dong, bell, amen!

So mused Arthur Merlin, between sleeping and waking, as the bells rang out, loud and low—distant and near—flowing like a rushing, swelling tide of music along the dark inlets of narrow streets—touching arid hearts with hope, as the rising water touches dry spots with green. Come you, too, out of your filthy holes and hovels—come to church as in the days when you were young and had mothers, and you, grisly, drunken, blear-eyed thief, lisped in your little lessons—come, all of you, come! The day has dawned; the air is pure; the hammer rests—come and repent and be renewed and be young again. The old, weary, restless, debauched, defeated world—it shall sing and dance. You shall be lambs. I see the dawn of the millennium on the heights of Hoboken—yea, even out of the Jerseys shall a good thing come! It is I who tell you—it is I who order you—I, Everardus Bogardus, Dominie of New Amsterdam—ding, dong, bell, amen!

The streets were quiet and deserted. A single hack rattled by his window, and Arthur could hear its lessening sound until lost in the sweet clangor of the bells. He lay in bed and did not see the people in the street; but he heard the shuffling and the slouching, the dragging step and the bright, quick footfall. There were gay bonnets and black hats already stirring—early worshipers at the mass at St. Peter's or St. Patrick's—but the great population of the city was at home.

Except, among the rest, a young man who comes hastily out of Thiel's, over Stewart's—a young man of flowing black hair and fiery black eyes, which look restlessly and furtively up and down Broadway, which seems to the young man odiously and unnaturally bright. He gains the street with a bound. He hurries along, restless, disordered, excited—the black eyes glancing anxiously about, as if he were jealous of any that should see his yesterday was not over, and that somehow his wild, headlong night had been swept into the serene, open bay of morning. He darts up the street; tossing many thoughts together—calculating his losses, for the black-haired young man has lost heavily at Thiel's faro-table—wondering about payments—remembering that it is Sunday morning and that he is to attend a young lady from the South to church, a young lady whose father has millions, if universal understanding is at all correct—thinking of revenge at the table, of certain books full of figures in a certain counting-room, and the story they tell—story known to not half a dozen people in the world; the black-eyed youth, in evening dress, alert, graceful, but now meandering and gliding swiftly like a snake, darts up Broadway, and does not seem to hear the bells, whose first stroke startled him as he sat at play, and which are now ringing strange changes in the peaceful air: Come Newt! Come Newt! Abel Newt! Come Newt! It is I, Everardus, Dominie Bogardus—come, come, come! and be d—ing, dong, bell, amen-n-n-n!

Later in the morning the bells rang again. The house doors opened, and the sidewalk swarmed with well-dressed Christian sinners. It was a pleasant sight to see. Here was a whole city hastening, in clean clothes, decorously to confess its sins and to profess repentance, while to-morrow the bells would have gone dumb, the church doors would be barred, the iron gates locked, and the sinners would all show how truly they had repented.

Boniface Newt and his wife sedately proceeded to church—not a new bonnet escaping Mrs. Nancy, while May walked tranquilly behind—like an angel going home, as Gabriel Bennet said in his heart when he passed her with his sister Ellen leaning on his arm.

The Van Boozenberg carriage rolled along the street, conveying Mr. and Mrs. Jacob to meditate upon heavenly things. Mrs. Dagon and Mrs. Orry passed, and bowed sweetly, on their way to learn how to love their neighbors as themselves. And among the rest walked Lawrence Newt with Amy Waring, and Arthur Merlin with Hope Wayne.

The painter had heard the voice of the Dominie Bogardus, which his fancy had heard in the air; or was he obeying another Dominie, of a wider parish, whose voice he heard in his heart? It was not often that the painter went to church. More frequently, in his little studio at the top of a house in Fulton Street, he sat smoking meditative cigars during the Sunday hours; or, if the day were auspicious, even touching his canvas!

In vain his sober friends remonstrated. Aunt Winnifred, with whom he lived, was never weary of laboring with him. She laid good books upon the table in his chamber. He returned late at night, often, and found little tracts upon his bureau, upon the chair in which he usually laid his clothes when he retired—yes, even upon his pillow. "Aunt Winnifred's piety leaves its tracts all over my room," he said, smilingly, to Lawrence Newt.

But when the good lady openly attacked him, and said,

"Arthur, how can you? What will people think? Why don't you go to church?"

Arthur replied, with entire coolness,

"Because old Van Boozenberg goes."

Aunt Winnifred looked perplexed. Then Arthur said,

"I'm afraid I should cut off my daughter with a shilling."

"Arthur, what *do* you mean?"

"Aunt Winnifred, what's the use of going to church when Van Boozenberg goes, and is not in the least discomposed? I'm afraid of the morality of such a place!"

Aunt Winnifred's eyes dilated with horror. She had no argument to throw at Arthur in return, and that reckless fellow always had to help her out.

"However, dear aunt, you go; and I suppose you ought to be quite as good a reason for going as Van Boozenberg for staying away."

After such a conversation it fairly rained tracts in Arthur's room. The shower was only the signal for fresh hostilities upon his part; but for all the hostility Aunt Winnifred was not able to believe her nephew to be a very bad young man.

As he and his friends passed up Broadway toward Chambers Street they met Abel Newt hastening down to Bunker's to accompany Miss Plumer to Grace Church. The young man had bathed and entirely refreshed himself during the hour or two since he had stepped out of Thiel's. There was not a better dressed man upon Broadway; and many a hospitable feminine eye opened to entertain him as long and as much as possible as he passed by. He had an unusual flush in his cheek and spring in his step. Perhaps he was excited by the novelty of mixing in a throng of church-goers. He had not done such a thing since on summer Sunday mornings he used to stroll with the other boys along the broad village road, skirted with straggling houses, to Dr. Peewee's. Heavens! in what year was that? he thought, unconsciously. Am I a hundred years old? On those mornings he used to see— Precisely the person he saw at the moment the thought crossed his mind—Hope Wayne—who bowed to him as he passed her party, how much calmer, statelier, and more softly superior than in those old Delafield days!

She remembered, too; and as the lithe, graceful figure of the handsome and fascinating Mr. Abel Newt bent in passing, Arthur Merlin, who felt, at the instant Abel passed, as if his own feet were very large, and his clothes ugly, and his movement stupidly awkward—felt, in fact, as if he looked like a clumsy booby—Arthur Merlin observed that, while his companion went on speaking, there was but a transient distraction in her eyes, as if her mind wandered for a moment only. And she did not change color, nor was her voice hurried or confused.

Why did the young painter, as he observed these little things, feel as if the sun shone with unusual splendor? Why did he think he had never heard a bird sing so sweetly as one that hung at an open window they passed? Nay, why in that moment was he almost willing to paint Abel Newt as the Endymion of his great picture?

They turned into Chambers Street, in which was the little church where Dr. Channing was to preach. Lawrence Newt led the way up the aisle to his pew. The congregation, which was usually rather small, to-day quite filled the church. There was a general air of intelligence and shrewdness in the faces, which were chiefly of the New England type. Amy Waring saw no one she had ever seen before. In fact, there were but few present in whose veins New England blood did not run, except some curious hearers who had come from a natural desire to see and hear a celebrated man.

When our friends entered the church a slow, solemn voluntary was playing upon the organ. The congregation sat quietly in the pews. Chairs and benches were brought to accommodate the increasing throng. Presently the house was full. The bustle and distraction of entering were over—there was nothing heard but the organ.

In a few moments a slight man, wrapped in a black silk gown, slowly ascended the pulpit stairs, and before seating himself stood for a moment looking down at the congregation. His face was small, and thin, and pale; but there was a pure light, an earnest, spiritual sweetness in the eyes—the irradiation of an anxious soul—as they surveyed the people. After a few moments the music stopped. There was perfect silence in the crowded church. Then, moving like a shadow to the desk, the preacher, in a voice that was in singular harmony with the expression of his face, began to read a hymn. His voice had a remarkable cadence, rising and falling with yearning tenderness and sober pathos. It seemed to impart every feeling, every thought, every aspiration of the hymn. It was full of reverence, gratitude, longing, and resignation:

"While Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled."

When he had read it and sat down again, Hope Wayne felt as if a religious service had already been performed.

The simplicity and fervor and long-drawn melody with which he had read the hymn apparently inspired the choir with sympathy, and after a few notes from the organ they began to sing an old familiar tune. It was taken up by the congregation until the church trembled with the sound, and the saunterers in the street outside involuntarily ceased laughing and talking, and, touched by some indefinable association, raised their hats and stood bareheaded in the sunlight, while the solemn music filled the air.

The hymn was sung, the prayer was offered, the chapter was read; then, after a little silence, that calm, refined, anxious, pale, yearning face appeared again at the desk. The preacher balanced himself for a few moments alternately upon each foot—moved his tongue, as if tasting the words he was about to utter—and announced his text: "Peace I leave with you: my peace I give unto you."

He began in the same calm, simple way. A natural, manly candor certified the truth of every word he spoke. The voice—at first high in tone, and swinging, as it were, in long, wave-like inflections—grew gradually deeper, and more equally sustained. There was scarcely any movement of the hands or arms; only now and then the finger was raised, or the hand gently spread and waved. As he warmed in his discourse a kind of celestial grace glimmered about his person, and his pale, thoughtful face kindled and beamed with holy light. His sentences were entirely simple. There was no rhetoric, no declamation or display. Yet the soul of the hearer seemed to be fused in a spiritual eloquence which, like a white flame, burned all the personality of the speaker away. The people sat as if they were listening to a disembodied soul.

But the appeal and the argument were never to passion, or prejudice, or mere sensibility. Fear and horror, and every kind of physical emotion, so to say, were impossible in the calmness and sweetness of the assurance of the Divine presence. It was a Father, whose peace was inherited, whose message the preacher brought. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth His children, said he, in tones that trickled like tears over the hearts of his hearers, although his voice was equable and unbroken. He went on to show what the children of such a Father must needs be; to show that, however sinful and wandering and lost, yet the Father had sent to tell them that the doctrine of wrath was of old time; that the eye for the eye and the tooth for the tooth was the doctrine of an imperfect knowledge; that a faith which was truly childlike knew the Creator only as a parent; and that out of such faith alone arose the life that was worthy of him.

Wandering princes are we! cried the preacher, with a profound ecstasy and exultation in his tone, while the very light of heaven shone in his aspect—wandering princes are we, sons of the Great King. In foreign lands outcast and forlorn, groveling with the very swine in the mire, and pining for the husks that the swine do eat; envying, defying, hating, forgetting—but never hated nor forgot; in the depths of our rage and impotence and sin—in the darkest moment of our moral death, when we would crucify the very image of that Parent who pities us—there is one voice deeper and sweeter than all music, the voice of our elder brother pleading with that common Father—"Forgive them, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

He sat down, but the congregation did not move. Leaning forward, with upraised eyes glistening with tears and beaming with sympathy, with hope, with quickened affection, they sat motionless, seemingly unwilling to destroy the holy calm in which, with him, they had communed with their Father. There were those in the further part of the church who did not hear; but their mouths were open with earnest attention, their eyes glittered with moisture; for they saw afar off that slight, rapt figure; and so strong was the common sympathy of the audience that they seemed to feel what they could not hear.

Lawrence Newt, Hope Wayne, Amy Waring, Arthur Merlin listened as if every word had been meant for them individually. They sat side by side; but how little they knew each other's thoughts and feelings! They were like invalids who had breathed the cordial of mountain air or smelled the invigorating sea.

Lawrence Newt did not look round for Aunt Martha. But he thought of her listening, as one thinks of dry fields in a saturating summer rain. She sat through the whole—black, immovable, silent. The people near her looked at her compassionately. They thought she was an inconsolable widow—a Rachel refusing comfort. Nor, had they watched her, could they have told if she had heard any thing to comfort or relieve her sorrow. From the first word to the last she gazed fixedly at the speaker. With the rest she rose and went out. But as she passed by the pulpit stairs she looked up for a moment at that pallid face, and a finer eye than any human saw that she longed, like another woman of old, to kiss the hem of his garment. Oh! not by earthquake nor by lightning, but by the soft touch of angels at midnight, is the stone rolled away from the door of the sepulchre.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE KANSAS GOLD-MINES.

We hear by telegraph from St. Louis that a special dispatch to the *Bulletin* says that the express, with Denver City dates to the 24th August, reached Leavenworth on the 31st. The richness of the new diggings at the head-waters of the South Platte is confirmed, but the prospects of profitable mining were not flattering, owing to the distant location and the roughness of the roads, and the consequent difficulty in procuring supplies. Four quartz grinders were in successful operation at Gregory Valley. The express brought a large quantity of gold dust. An Indian fight took place on the 13th ult. between the Brule, Sioux, and Poncas. Eleven of the latter were killed and seven wounded.

A MEAN RASCAL.

One of the most successful efforts at rascality that was ever heard of was brought to light last week in this city. It appears that a sharper in Philadelphia advertised for a number of young ladies to go South, to fill situations as teachers of music. Fifteen young women were accepted by the advertiser. They were to have remunerative employment in the families of wealthy Southern planters, and in every respect their future prospects were of the most flattering description. It was simply stipulated by the advertiser that the ladies should defray, in part, their expenses to their respective destinations. On arriving in this city, *en route* for the South, the sharper took charge of the baggage of the ladies, collected from them about one hundred and fifty dollars for their fare in the steamship, and while they were waiting patiently at the hotel for him to conduct them on board, he decamped with his plunder. The police have caught the swindler.

CANAL CONVENTION.

A Convention of the friends of the Canals assembled at Rochester on 1st inst. to consider the best means to further their interests and secure the accomplishment of the projected enlargement. About one hundred and fifty persons were present. David R. Barton, Esq., of Rochester, was called to the chair, and a number of vice-presidents and secretaries, representing all shades of political opinion, were chosen. Speeches were made and letters read favoring the completion of the canals and the tolling of the railroads.

A MAGNIFICENT AURORA.

An aurora borealis of extraordinary brilliancy and extent lighted up the heavens on Sunday evening, and filled the streets with admiring crowds of upturned faces. The aurora began to appear in the northwest about half past seven, and increased in brilliancy until half past ten, when it gradually disappeared. The bars of light were at first horizontal, but they afterward assumed a vertical form, flashing with amazing luminousness, and extending from the southwest to the northeast. On opposite sides of the heavens there were at the same time luminous masses of a brilliant carnation, producing a most singular effect. There was a fresh northwest wind blowing at the time, and the atmosphere was very cool.

We hear by telegraph from Boston that dispatches from various and distant localities describe the appearance of the aurora borealis during Sunday night as more brilliant, and of longer duration, than had occurred for twenty years.

The Superintendent of the Canadian Telegraph Company's lines telegraphs from Montreal as follows:

"I never, in my experience of fifteen years in the working of telegraph lines, witnessed any thing like the extraordinary effect of the aurora borealis between Quebec and Father Point last night. The line was in most perfect order, and well-skilled operators worked incessantly from eight o'clock last evening till one o'clock this morning, to get over, in even a tolerably intelligible form, about four hundred words of the steamer *Indian's* report for the Associated Press; and at the latter hour, so completely were the wires under the influence of the aurora borealis, that it was found utterly impossible to communicate between the telegraph stations, and the line was closed for the night."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

DEPARTURE OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

THE following relates to the offer of Mr. Lever to charter the *Great Eastern* for £20,000 for a trip to America and back:

"No. 11 KING WILLIAM STREET, *Wednesday, August* 17.

"SIR,—Referring to the paragraph in your City Article of this date, wherein it is stated that a proposal has been made by Mr. Lever, M.P., to charter the *Great Eastern*, I am desired to inform you that the Directors have declined the offer.

"I am further desired to observe that the ship is not open for charter at present, the views of the Directors in reference to her having undergone no change since she became the property of this Company, as will be seen from the announcement in your advertising columns, fixing destination and date of departure.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"J. H. YEATES, Secretary."

It is announced that the ship will leave the Thames for the Nore on the 3d of September, and that she will proceed thence to Portland, Dorsetshire, from which she will make a trial trip on the 8th, to a distance, probably, of 500 or 600 miles. She will then be prepared to start on or about the 15th of September, on a direct voyage to Portland, Maine. On this occasion passengers will be carried at fares ranging from £18 to £25 (all first-class); and it is said that many applications for berths had already been received.

Another, and a later advertisement, makes a final point of departure Holyhead, instead of Portland.

FRANCE.

THE GENERAL AMNESTY.

The Emperor has worthily completed his first campaign by an act of good-will, alike indicative of his natural kindness and his conscious strength. There has appeared in the *Moniteur* the following:

"DECREE.

"Napoleon, by the grace of God and the national will Emperor of the French, to all whom these presents may come, greeting:

"We do hereby decree as follows:

"Article 1. A full and complete amnesty is granted to all individuals who have been condemned for political crimes and misdemeanors, or who have been the objects of measures of safety.

"Article 2. Our Ministers of Justice and of the Interior are charged in the execution of these presents.

"NAPOLEON.

"Given at the Palace of the Tuileries this 16th day of August.

"DELANGLE, Duke de Padone."

Another decree also appears, announcing that all warnings issued to various journals are considered as not having been given.

THE TRIUMPHAL RETURN OF THE ARMY.

The Emperor Napoleon has entered Paris in triumph at the head of his army. The correspondent of the London *Post* thus describes the scene on the Place Vendôme:

"Wreathed and garlanded with laurel, which hung in festoons along the eaves, with floods of purple velvet, embroidered with bees, ciphers, and crowns, with a purple circus reaching to the first story, built to accommodate some 25,000 people, with golden poles and many colored streamers flaunting from the roofs, or fluttering round the base of the majestic column which is its chief ornament; the old familiar Place Vendôme, of quiet and almost gloomy memory, could hardly be recognized.

* * * * * * *

"Fill the gigantic circus; fill every window; plant crowding figures on the lofty parapets, and crown the pointed roofs with the diminished forms; and then look up the Rue de la Paix at the same blaze of life, and you will see some fifty thousand of the million and a half of spectators who have seen this day's sight, and you will apprehend a proportionate part of the spectacle which stretches its wonders along four miles of the Boulevard to the Place de la Bastile.

* * * * * * *

"All are there with one object, to welcome back the children of France who fought the fight and never stopped in the career of victory. All are there to cheer the soldier, to make his home bright. Ladies come with two bouquets, their attendant cavalier being laden with three wreaths, two more bouquets, several laurel branches, and, in fact, as much as he can carry to please *la belle*. Among the crowd there are the old portress, the hard working needle-woman, the maid-servant, the baker's daughter and laborer's sister; sometimes the soldier's child, all with beaming face, and some little tribute—now a rose or two—now a frail cheap wreath, bought with the hard-earned wages—and now a penny tricolor; but all with something to throw, with a tear and a blessing to the brave; perhaps to rush forward and stick it in his musket or pin it on his breast. Oh, what a feast of the heart! All the flood-gates of human feeling are unloosed, and run in bright channels this glorious day.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE EMPRESS.

"At ten o'clock the roll of cheering flows up the Rue de Castiglione, and reaches us. The cry is '*Vive l'Impératrice!*' It is caught up, and every one rises and reechoes it as the popular and beautiful Eugénie passes with her child to the balcony prepared for her and her court on the west side of the Place. 'They will soon be here,' is now said, and every one grows nervous. Again a cheer rises—the little Prince Imperial has run forward on the balcony, and he is seen by the multitude in his uniform as corporal in the Imperial Guard. Every glass is fixed on the lovely child, who is now a fine little fellow with a curly head of fair hair, and with a charming animated manner. After the dozen tender epithets always given to pretty children, the fever of impatience again seizes the crowd, and the minutes seem long.

"SEE, THE CONQUERING HERO COMES!"

"Suddenly an electric shock runs through all. The first faint roar is heard rolling down the Boulevards. Down it comes toward us, down the Rue de la Paix, increasing in volume till it bursts in a tumult of sound, 'Here they are!' The Cent Gardes, the escort, wheel to one side. A few seconds more, and the Emperor appears—a solitary horseman on his charger—saluting the shouting people. They are throwing flowers and garlands in his path, and the vault rings with the noise of many mouths—one voice—'*Vive l'Empereur!*'—a shout so long and loud that it might waken the sleeper in the Invalides. On he comes, saluting; then rides to beneath the Empress's balcony and salutes her; then turns to review the army of Italy. He is in undress uniform, as he appeared in the field; and so will the whole army appear just as they have come from the wars. His Majesty is followed by a small host of great ones, generals and staff dignitaries; they go to the rear beneath the balcony, and the one horseman stands forward in front.

THE WOUNDED.

"All this while the mighty sound continues in the distance—the shout of men in strong emotion. Here let me once more recall to you the vastness of the scene, which you must bear in mind you can not see all at once. First you see vaguely the distant object, then understand what it is. Well, you hear the waves of sound of a strangely thrilling nature rolling in on you, and then from the Rue de la Paix come moving masses, all green; all around you cheer. On comes the mass, and you distinguish the moving men, covered with wreaths and garlands. But in the distance, at the entrance, you see the waving kerchiefs on a sudden more sharply waved. You see arms suddenly thrown up; you see a more fierce excitement seize the crowd; there is almost a shriek in the cheer that comes from that end of the Place. 'Why?' The mass comes nearer. Ah! there are no bayonets, no muskets; nearer, you see the men distinctly; they are limping, bent, hurt; they are the wounded of the army. Then a shout from the men, and sharp sympathetic cries from the women. Poor fellows! They pass the Emperor—they turn their faces to him. '*Vive l'Empereur!*' one waves his arm—his one arm; another stops to wield his crutch; those nearest to Napoleon throw at his feet the green decorations which the people gave. On they come, more and more of them, and '*Vive l'Empereur!*' and now they pass us closely. How the women crane toward them, poor fellows! Such yellow faces! Such lines of suffering; thin forms—strong men maimed, pulled down, wrecked. They march in companies with their officers, all wounded too.

A MUTILATED HERO.

"See that tall fellow! that young officer of the Guard, with the Gardoni face, that his mother loves and some sweet Marie or Lucille adores—see, he has lost both arms—a cry of pain is all about us. 'See him, see him!' yet he walks proudly, his coat slung from his broad shoulders. He sees the eyes bent on him. With a glance he acknowledges the sympathy, suddenly he steps toward us with his full face glowing with fire, and cries with such a brave enthusiasm, true as his valor, noble as his suffering, such a clear, strong voice—voice from the heart—'Vive la France!' 'Vive l'Empereur!' and waving kerchiefs, and hats taken off, respond with the loud cry, 'Vive la France!' 'Vive l'Empereur!' and the mutilated man strides on, conscious of duty done and glory won. I can not tell the pain and pride of that scene. Thousands passed by, all wounded, all so cheery in their suffering, saying in every look, 'I am happy to suffer for my country, for the glory of France.' Nor can I paint the gaze of the men spectators, nor can I convey the sympathy of women's eyes. But deep sympathy was there; and they, the wounded, knew it, and it paid them for all they had undergone. Noble and glorious soldiers! but so many—wearily, so many—so many that the heart ached at the streaming columns of crippled heroes.

THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

"At last they all passed by, and then came along the strains of military music, and regiment after regiment passed in review before their chiefs. Here again I can not follow the programme, for it was not exact; and here again the greatness of the scene o'ertops my power of accurate story. For four hours, in broad column, the march never ceased. Marshal after marshal and general after general, colonels innumerable, and scores of regiments, passed in triumph. First, the Guard—Grenadiers, Voltigeurs, Chasseurs Artillery, all classes, literally covered and hidden with laurels and bouquets—bouquets on the guns, bouquets in the hand, wreaths slung on the arm, garlands about the colors, garlands about the horses' necks, all joyous in triumph, with elastic step. Such bronzed faces, such seedy uniforms, bearskins rubbed bare with the blazing sun of Italy. Such different faces, here a boy handsome and bold; here a veteran with long mustache and pointed beard, fine fellows all; crosses and medals for valor in plenty; Crimean medals abundant. It was impossible not to feel that they were troops of heroes.

ZOUAVES AND TURCOS.

"The Guardsmen marched with superb precision—the line, too, gallantly and firmly. Then came the Zouaves, 'less Zou-zou,' jauntily, easily, 'cockily,' as if their long march from St. Maur were but a light morning's amusement. They look the perfection of 'hard,' 'wiry' 'beggars,' up to any thing—fierce of aspect; yet none, we know, were more tender to the wounded friend or enemy than the redoubted Zouaves, who possessed in Austrian eyes almost Satanic attributes. All the troops were laurel-crowned, and none more greenly decorated than these Zouaves. Many regiments were accompanied by pets—one by a goat, another by a superb black greyhound, several by other dogs. The Zouaves had with them a most 'canny' and Zou-zou dog. Like many of his patrons, he was evidently not up in the knowledge of his parentage—no mastiff, no terrier, no bull-dog could he claim for father, mother, aunt, or uncle; yet he was undeniably 'varmint.' He, too, was garlanded, and carried a 'wee' tricolor flag.

"Then there were the 'Turcos,' of whom the majority are pure Arab, and the rest niggers, Frenchmen, and an *olla-podrida* of all nations. They are most strange-looking troops, dressed like Zouaves, only all in blue. They carried no French flag, but banners with the crescent on them, and others with a hand; what meaning I know not, except that they are Turks and infidels.

EXCITEMENT AMONG THE SPECTATORS.

"I should tell you that regiment after regiment cheered the Emperor, and, halting before him, delivered its standard to the officers of the Cent Gardes. But how picture the enthusiasm of the multitude as standard after standard was laid, in tatters, at Napoleon's feet? Such a tale of battle as was told by these flags—some on stumps of poles, mere ragged remnants of what had once been a huge silk banner! The people were never tired of cheering; and the women were, not to say it unfairly, intoxicated with the excitement. Ladies who at first had arrived calm, elegant women of the world, became shrieking, hysterical enthusiasts under the strong influences of the stirring scene that was being enacted before them. Excitement succeeded excitement, and emotion followed on emotion. Can you imagine the sensation caused by a wounded vivandière, as she crawled by on her crutches—a woman who had been struck down in her mission of mercy to the wounded soldiers? Can you picture the thrill that ran through the crowd as a veteran of the first Empire, with snow-white hair and beard, hobbled suddenly forward on his one leg and stump to give a laurel crown to the first grenadier of his own old regiment, which he had lived to see renew the deeds of his youth?

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

"Can you not fancy the cheer of soldiery and spectators when the little Imperial Prince, in his uniform of corporal of the Guard, came down beside his father, and being lifted up to him, evidently begged a favor? The favor was granted; Napoleon took the child in his arms and placed him on the saddle before him. How the Place rang with the shout! How the grim soldiers smiled and looked delighted—kind hearts as they were! How they thought of the contrast of that scene with the storm of bullets at Solferino and Magenta!"

TWO AMERICAN MARRIAGES.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Express* gives the following account of two American marriages at Paris, on the 9th inst.:

"At eleven o'clock the marriage of Miss Mary Mason, daughter of the Minister of the United States, and Mr. Archer Anderson of Virginia, was solemnized at the residence of the bride's father, in the Rue Beaujon. The beautiful and impressive ceremony of the Protestant Episcopal Church was performed by the Rector of the British Embassy, of whose congregation Judge Mason's family have been members since their residence in Paris. The Rev. Mr. Lamson, Rector of the American Episcopal Church here, was a witness to the marriage, together with a few ladies and gentlemen, friends of our Minister's family. The wedding was a quiet, unostentatious affair, characterized throughout by the utmost simplicity and good taste. The company was, I believe, exclusively American, and among those present were Mrs. General Winfield Scott, Mrs. Commodore Stewart, the Hon. Mr. Eustis and bride, late Miss Corcoran; Mrs. J. Ridgeway, Mrs. Riggs of Washington, Colonel Crittenden of Kentucky, Lieutenant Pegram of Virginia, Lieutenant Kelton of Pennsylvania, Dr. Spencer, United States Consul at Paris; Messrs. Calhoun and Wilbor, Secretaries of the United States Legation, and several others, whose names I did not learn. I mention these as forming a part of a brilliant and distinguished company. The bridemaid was Miss Sarah Mason, a sister of the bride; the groomsman was Mr. Powhatan Clark of Virginia. The toilets of all the ladies who assisted were remarkably tasteful and beautiful; such dresses as are only to be seen at a wedding in Paris, the centre of all that is refined, chaste, and elegant in woman's attire. I content myself with mentioning that the lovely bride herself wore a white muslin dress, with seven flounces edged with Valenciennes lace, each flounce trimmed with an entre-deux and edge Valenciennes. Her vail was white tulle, falling to the feet, a material which has taken the place of lace on these occasions. Her head was encircled by a wreath of orange blossoms, and she wore, at the ceinture, a bouquet of the same flowers, which is the mode at Paris morning weddings, as contradistinguished from flowers worn on the bosom, when the ceremony occurs in the evening. The entire costume was simple, tasteful, and elegant. The Misses Mason were also dressed in white, as indeed were nearly all the ladies present. Immediately after the ceremony, the newly-wedded pair left Paris, on a bridal trip to Switzerland.

"On the same day, and within a few minutes of the same hour as the above, another American lady assumed the irrevocable vows at the Church of St. Roche. Miss Annie Hepburne, of South Carolina, was married to Mr. Eustache Bounin, son of the Chevalier Bounin, Vice-Consul of Portugal at Nice, Sardinia. I was not present at this ceremony, but learn that it was conducted according to the Roman Catholic form."

IMPERIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

The Paris correspondence of the London *Court Journal* has the following gossip concerning the Emperor Napoleon: "The celebrated Carthusian nun, Colette, has arrived in Paris to accomplish the cure of an exalted and illustrious personage, who, ever since the battle of Solferino, is said to have suffered so intensely from nervous shocks that sleep has entirely abandoned him; and that, consequently, he has been compelled to turn night into day, and, by transacting business after midnight, obtains a slight degree of repose at dawn. The form of torture which this distressing disease has taken is that of hallucination of the most impressive kind, nothing less than the most horrible and sickening scenes of the battle being enacted over again each night visibly to the eye—no effect of the imagination, no image of the fevered brain, but in all their brute horror and ghastly carnage. The people here declare that the distress was so great on the first arrival of the illustrious personage, that one most deeply interested in his welfare took upon herself to write the story of the case to the Pope, having more faith in the spiritual aid of his Holiness than in the physical succor of the whole universe of doctors already called in. The answer sent by his Holiness was borne by Sœur Colette in person, and the result of her visit is already visible in the calmed nerves and soothed brain of the illustrious personage, who, although still far from sufficiently recovered to be able to take his hours of repose like the rest of the world, is so much improved as to remain silent during the attacks of the hallucination, instead of telling aloud, and with unconsciously hurried speech, the story of the bloody visions passing before his eyes."

HOW YOUNG LADIES ENJOY THEMSELVES IN PARIS.

A Paris correspondent of the Perth Amboy *Journal* says that there is a new fashionable epidemic raging in the French capital—a sort of young ladies' work, the result of which will last for many generations. The process is this: You buy a set of porcelain (Sevres, if you choose), as expensive or cheap as your taste or your purse will admit of; on these you paint heads, landscapes, flowers, or whatever you fancy, with paints prepared for the purpose. Then you send it to the porcelain baker, who bakes it three times, which so fixes the colors that they become permanent, and will last as long as the china. I have seen a complete tea-set painted by a young lady, which could not be painted for $1000. Every plate, cup, saucer, preserve-dish, and cake-basket was different, and very beautiful. Of course the baker must thoroughly understand his business, for a minute too long in the oven, or the oven too hot, may destroy all. An artist who had spent many months painting a piece for the exhibition at the Palais d'Industrie, among the collections of living artists, had it cracked in the oven by want of sufficient care. The porcelain plate alone had cost some hundred dollars. Not long since a baker fell asleep and broke $8000 worth of porcelain, for which he was obliged to pay, and was consequently ruined. I do not know if you have porcelain bakers in the United States; but if you had, you would find this far preferable to many other pastimes in vogue.

A GOOD CARICATURE.

There is a caricature privately circulating in Paris, representing the Emperor Napoleon putting a cat, a dog, a monkey, a parrot, a woman, and a serpent all into one bag. The Emperor Francis-Joseph looks on in some surprise, and inquires "*Que faites vous là?*" "An Italian Confederation," replies Napoleon, "and you will be so good as to put one of your arms into it." "Very willingly," replies the Austrian, "armed with my 800,000 claws."

PRUSSIA.

THE NATURALIZATION QUESTION IN GERMANY.

The *Herald* correspondent writes from Berlin:

"I understand that the American Minister, Mr. Wright, has received from the Prince Regent a full pardon for Francis A. Hoffman, a native of this country, now in trouble at Chicago, Illinois. Mr. Hoffman left Prussia when he was twenty years of age, without performing his military duty. Having occasion to return some time since on private business, judgment was taken against him, and he was sentenced to a considerable fine, to which was added imprisonment. The Prussian authorities have shown their good sense and good feeling by remitting all this, and Mr. Hoffman will not be subjected to any further molestation. You are probably aware that this gentleman is quite a prominent citizen of Illinois, has been a member of the State Legislature, and was a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor at the last election. It is stated in the *Tribune* that no less than a dozen naturalized American citizens are serving at the present moment in the Prussian army; but from the inquiries I have made I am satisfied that this is a mistake. I rather think the case of Christian Ernst, of Hanover, is stirring up these old governments to do their duty. In addition to the particulars mentioned in the American papers, I learn from undoubted authority that Ernst was arrested forcibly by the Hanoverian authorities, though claiming to be an American citizen and exhibiting his passport, which they took from him, together with $160 in money, and confined him for several nights in a prison with criminals before he was placed in the army. I trust the United States Minister at Berlin, who has taken his case in hand, will succeed in having him righted, in spite of the delay and procrastination so characteristic of German bureaucracy, with which he has to contend. If industry and close application can do the work it will be accomplished, Governor Wright being thoroughly in earnest on the subject of full protection to all our citizens, whether native born or adopted. In fact, this is a question in which the honor of the country is concerned, and its result will show whether the name of an American citizen is a reality or *vox et præterea nihil*. I must observe, however, that it depends entirely upon the energy of the United States Government to have it decided in conformity with their wishes and with the dictates of justice and common sense; for if Hanover, and for that matter, Prussia too, are given distinctly to understand that General Cass is determined to act up to his professions, they will yield the point at once, and not run the risk of a breach which would be fatal to the trade and prosperity of their dominions."

SWITZERLAND.

THE ZURICH CONFERENCES.

The following telegrams have been published:

"ZURICH, *August* 19, 1859.

"Yesterday a conference took place between the Plenipotentiaries of France and Austria. A messenger of the French Cabinet has arrived here and has quitted again for Paris. At the banquet given by Count Colloredo, M. Doubs proposed the health of the Emperor of Austria, and Count Colloredo, in his toast, The permanence of the friendship between Austria and Switzerland and the Government of Zurich.

"*August* 19, 1859.

"In the next sittings of the Conference it is supposed that the question of the boundary of Lombardy and her participation in the Austrian debt will be settled.

"To-day there was a conference between M. de Bourqueney, the French, and M. Desambrois, the Sardinian Plenipotentiaries."

ITALY.

GARIBALDI IN TUSCANY.

We read in the correspondence of the London *Times:*

"FLORENCE, *Monday, August* 15.

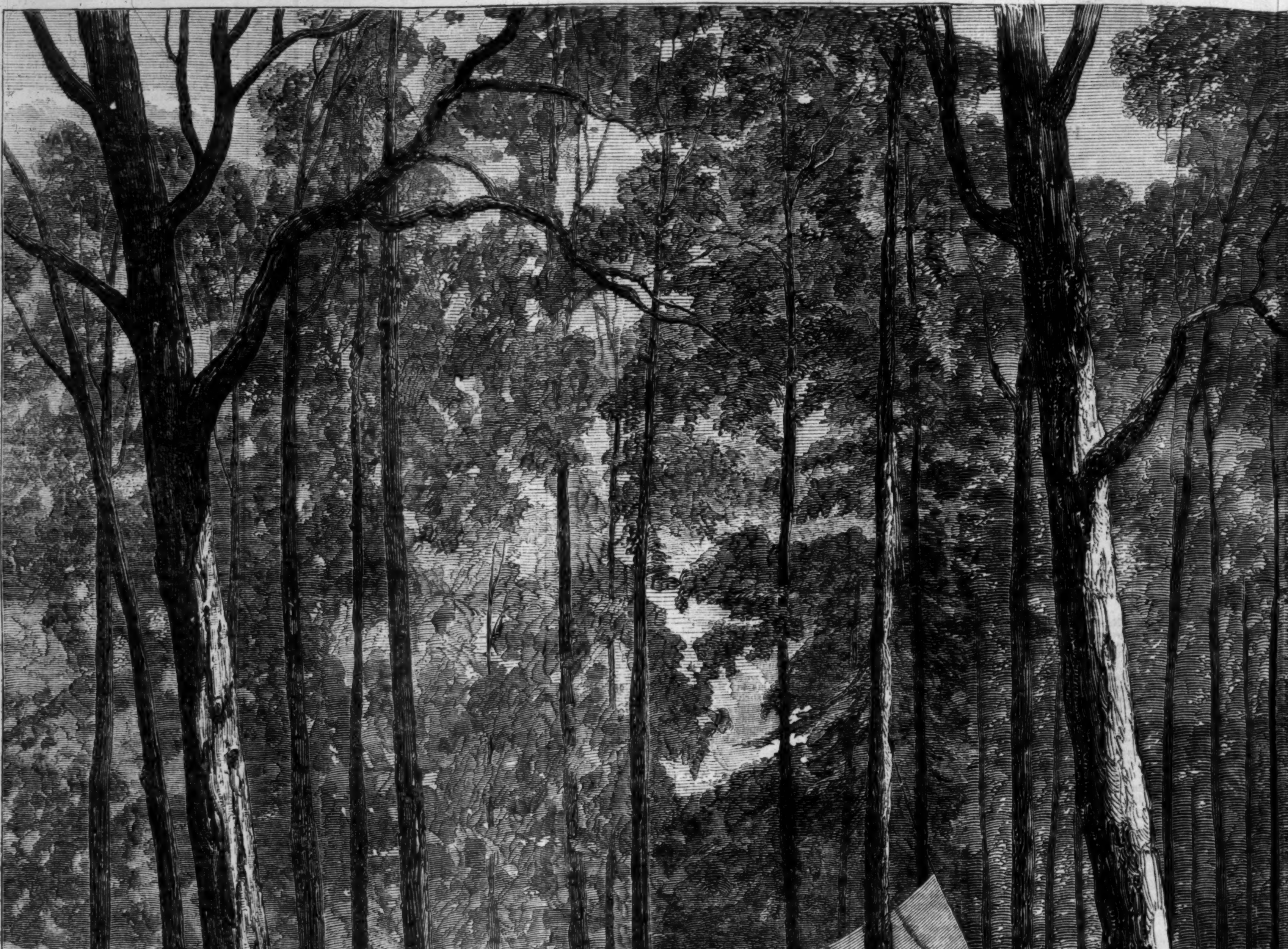
"Garibaldi leaves this evening for Modena, where he will take the command of the little Tuscan army, and of the other national forces there assembled. The resignation tendered by General Ulloa of his rank as General-Commander-in-chief of the Tuscan army has been accepted. This said Tuscan army is to bear the name of the Eleventh Division of the Italian Army. The offensive and defensive league of Central Italy, including Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and the Romagna, may be considered as a *fait accompli*. They will muster at least 50,000 men under arms; but it is not yet quite certain whether Garibaldi is to have the undivided command of all these forces, or whether he will be under the orders of General Fanti, who is still expected to exercise the highest military functions. General Fanti, a native of Modena, is one of the candidates proposed by the Electoral Committee in that city for the representation of one of the metropolitan constituencies. Fontanelli and Malmusi, lately envoys from Modena to the Courts of Paris and London, are in the same list. General Cialdini, whom his native town of Reggio offered to return as its representative to the National Assembly, declined the honor, with heartfelt thanks, on the plea that his military duties and his gratitude to his adopted country, Piedmont, prevented him from accepting the appointment. Cialdini is an aid-de-camp and a personal friend of Victor Emanuel II."

CAMP MEETING AT SING SING.

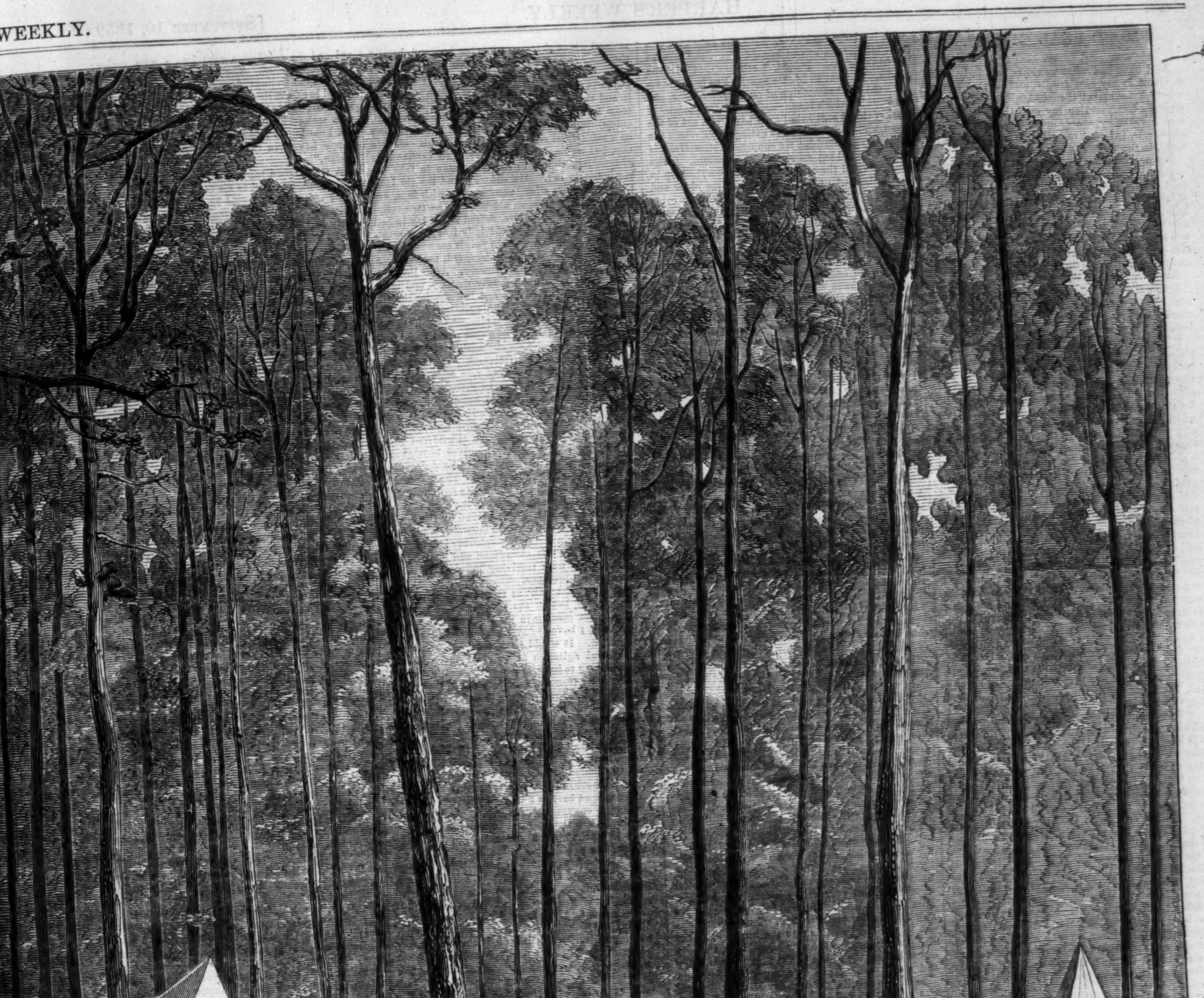
CAMP meetings for religious purposes date back to the year 1800. In the summer of that year a great religious awakening occurred on a settlement near the Red River, in Kentucky. It was produced by the combined labors of two brothers, one a Presbyterian and the other a Methodist, both men of an intense religious zeal. Under their preaching the interest soon became so exciting that no house could contain the people. They adjourned to the woods, where from great distances the people poured in on every side, until the congregations swelled, as was estimated at the time, to 25,000. This was called the Cane Ridge Meeting, at which it was thought not less than 2000 people were converted. It was there that some of those extraordinary physical manifestations occurred, which, whether they are of celestial or infernal origin, or the peculiar natural effects of the strongest religious excitement, our earthly philosophy has not yet determined. On that occasion robust men and women lost all power of self-control and fell as dead to the earth; and what was still more singular, the invisible power seemed to move in straight lines through the vast assembly, bearing down every body within its range, while those on either side stood aghast at what they saw. Physical effects of this character have attended many great awakenings, without being restricted to any particular denomination. At present Episcopalians and Presbyterians in the north of Ireland look with astonishment at men and women falling powerless in their religious assemblies, and even in the highways of city and country.

At the extemporized Cane Ridge Camp Meeting began also that strange phenomenon called the "jerks." Arms and legs and heads were set in violent involuntary motion, that seemed to threaten the dislocation of the whole animal machine. Combs were shaken out of women's heads by the first jerk, and then their long hair by a sudden and terrific forward motion would crack like a cart-whip, while the persons thus affected were nevertheless perfectly in their senses. Many of the witnesses of these strange things are still living.

Although the Presbyterians of the West began the camp meeting, yet as a body they have never approved them. The Methodists took the idea naturally. It has long since with them grown into an institution, and they have a perfect monopoly of it. While the partial evils that attend them are obvious enough, the good that is done, especially in places remote from large cities, is thought to be a sufficient reason for continuing them. Our illustration represents the late camp meeting at Sing Sing. The ground was purchased many years ago by a company in this city, whose officers, regularly appointed, have the entire control of the meeting. They hire tents to whoever may want them, put them up, and make all rules and regulations for the annual feast of tabernacles. The meeting begins on Monday and closes on Saturday. On each morning at six o'clock a bell is rung at the stand (formerly a fish-horn was blown). This is to awake the sleepers. An hour after, the bell rings again, summoning all to family-prayers in their tents. Then comes the earthly work, in which sinners are as zealous as the best Christians on the ground—breakfast. After breakfast prayer meetings are held either in front of the stand or temporary pulpit, or in the largest tents. At ten o'clock the sound of the bell, or the blast of a horn, announces the hour for preaching. The multitude assemble on board seats, and when the winds are still, a more favorable opportunity for successful preaching is not given to ministers in this world. After preaching comes dinner. Are not many of the worshipers of Johnson's mind, that dinner is the most important every-day business of life? At any rate, the invigorating air of the woods begets an appetite that won't endure self-denial. Preaching is held again at two, followed by prayer meetings. At six the third sermon of the day is delivered, after which supper is served, and then follow prayer meetings, experience meetings, and exhortations, until ten at night. Then the ground is cleared of strangers and loafers who have no home in the tents; the lights are extinguished, and all voices are hushed, save those of the myriad insect tribes who prolong the praises of the Great Creator until the shadows flee before the new dawning day.



THE CAMP MEETING AT SING S



G SING, NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1859.

MORE REAL GHOSTS.

IV.

As I have had what would be popularly called A Ghost in my own family, and as that case of what I denominate "thought-impressing" was very strongly impressed on my own thoughts when I was a child by my grandmother, who was the ghost-seer, I think I can give the narrative at first hand, in the narrator's exact words.

My grandmother was a woman of strong mind—a good, bold, upright old lady (I mean that she held herself upright), who had no nerves to speak of, and such sound health that it was a favorite boast of hers, when long past seventy, that she had never kept her bed a single day, "except, my dear, you know" (she used to whisper), "upon eight certain occasions" (she had had eight children), "which can not properly be called maladies."

My grandmother did not believe in ghosts. "Yet, my dears," she used to say to us young ones, "who *should* believe in ghosts but I? For when I was at school (a long time ago, as you may believe) I saw an appearance—

"When I was about eleven years old I was placed at a very nice lady's school in the neighborhood of Sloane Square. Miss Lloyd, who kept the school, was an excellent person, and we school-girls were all very fond of her—fond, though a little afraid of her too, for she was a strict disciplinarian. I was very happy at her school, and some of my firmest friendships, that have lasted to me through life, were formed there. But there was a girl there, a Miss Hake, who was not exactly a dear friend of mine, but who, nevertheless, took a great deal of notice of me, in a droll, half-joking sort of way. She was a good deal older than myself—she might be fourteen or fifteen—quite one of the older girls. And she rather provoked me, because she treated me as a child—kindly—yet still as a child. She used to plague me too. She would pinch my little fat cheeks till they were redder than nature had made them, which was red enough—always playfully—yet still she hurt me sometimes; and when she said, 'Now I am going to have a cherry out of your cheek!' I used to run away, and hide myself in some dark corner. Still, I was rather fond of Miss Hake. The truth was, my feelings toward her were an odd mixture of liking and disliking, of attraction and fear. I am pretty sure the liking predominated. She was a tall, handsome girl, with dark, curling hair, and large dark eyes.

"Vacation-time was past and gone, and we were all back at school except Miss Hake. No reason was given why Miss Hake was still absent, nor were we other girls surprised that Miss Hake should stay at home a week or two longer than we did. The thing had happened before. Miss Hake was a rich, a favored pupil, and her holidays were apt to be rather of the longest, as well as of the oftenest. I mention this to you, my dears, lest you should suppose that my much thinking about Miss Hake was the cause of the curious appearance which I am about to tell you of. I did not think about Miss Hake just at the time to which I refer. Indeed, I seemed to have forgotten all about her. No wonder! We were very busy, repeating the holiday tasks, which (I am sorry to say) we had not learned—at least, I know I had not learned mine. Miss Lloyd was, on such occasions, rather put out, and somewhat of the crossest. About her I was obliged to think a great deal. But, I do assure you, Miss Hake had gone quite out of my head.

"One evening—it was toward the latter end of August (our summer vacation was in July and part of August), one warm summer evening, at nearly eight o'clock, I was in my bedroom, with some other girls who slept in the same apartment (a good large apartment it was), and very busy sorting my linen, which had just come from the wash. By the same token, it was a Saturday evening. Every thing was regular at our school. As soon as the linen was brought home from the wash on Saturday evening we girls went up to our rooms to see that it was right, and to put it by. Each girl had a little clothes-basket of light wickerwork. Each girl had certain drawers to herself in certain chests divided between the occupants of the bedroom; and in these, one's own drawers, and no others, each girl was expected smoothly to lay away her linen—in nice order too. Articles were not to be mixed, but sorted, so that caps should go with caps, and gowns with gowns. If we did not do this—if we tumbled our drawers—the inspectress, who visited matters daily, reported us for untidiness, and for untidiness Miss Lloyd exacted a fine. Our week's pocket-money had to pay for it. These regulations were carefully enforced, in order, as Miss Lloyd observed, 'to give us tidy habits.' On the Saturday night I mention I was very busy sorting my linen, which had come from the wash in a sadly mixed-up state. The bill that accompanied it was not so easy as usual to verify. I think some other girl's night-caps had got into my basket. At any rate, I was longer than usual sorting my things, and all the other girls had finished putting away their linen before me. They had all left the room, however, without my having taken much notice of that circumstance. I had laid by most of the things in the drawers, and was now stooping over my little basket in order to take the last articles from it. Though it was getting dusk, the light in the room was quite strong enough to admit of my seeing any object with perfect distinctness. Suddenly some feeling made me lift my head from the basket, and there, quite near me, close to the window, and, as it were, looking out from the window-curtain, though not at all shaded by it, stood Miss Hake.

"I called out joyfully (for I was really glad to see her), 'Oh! Miss Hake, are you come?' Miss Hake made no answer. I said, 'Oh! Miss Hake, won't you speak to me? How long have you been here?' No answer! Something else I said—I forget what—but all of a sudden a little feeling of fear crept over me, because Miss Hake would not speak, and because she looked at me very fixedly with her large dark eyes. Still, my only idea was that Miss Hake was at her old tricks, and wanted to frighten me. Indeed, I cried out, 'Oh! Miss Hake, you want to frighten me!' But in the same moment I felt something of more decided fear, and an impulse which made me throw down the wicker basket that I still held in my hand, run out of the room, and so down into the eating-room, where the girls were assembled for supper. 'Miss Hake is come!' I cried out, now not the least afraid. 'Miss Hake!' cried the girls; 'where is she?' 'Up in my bedroom.' On which some of the older and more privileged ran up stairs. But they came back rather angry, and said I had been trifling with them, for no Miss Hake was up stairs. I indignantly denied the trick. Then the talk and the tumult attracted the attention of Miss Lloyd herself. I was called up to her as she sat in the great chair at the head of the supper-table, and closely questioned as to why I had asserted, and persisted in asserting, that Miss Hake was come. I was known to be a truth-teller, and when I simply related my little story Miss Lloyd so far paid respect to it as to go herself all over the house to see if Miss Hake *was* come. Perhaps Miss Lloyd, in fact, only went through this ceremony to pacify me, for I have since had reason to believe that the schoolmistress knew that Miss Hake could not be come; and, long after these things had passed away, I remembered that Miss Lloyd looked unusually scared and frightened at my reiterated assurance that I had seen Miss Hake. However, no word said she at the time, except (and this was said in a nervous way which strove to be dignified) that I, Miss Bridgeman, was mistaken in my idea that I had seen Miss Hake. Then it was hinted that the subject must be dropped—a hint which doubtless operated the reverse way. Of course I held very firm to what I considered the evidence of my senses; and when the girls of our room were unwatched and in bed, there went about a whispered talk, and many a whispered surmise, why Miss Hake had come (for that she had come was now the popular belief) and then gone away again. There was a decided feeling that Miss Hake had been smuggled out of the house, after having in some odd way smuggled herself into it. I believe murder was darkly hinted at. But as to a supernatural appearance, no one seemed even to surmise any thing so preposterous. For was not Miss Hake alive and well—at least when I saw her?

"Well, a few days, perhaps a week, had passed since the time of Miss Hake's supposed visit to the school. We were all assembled in the school-room, just going to our morning tasks. After prayers there was a silence. Miss Lloyd hemmed and cleared her throat, as if she had something out of the common way to say to us. We feared a lecture of some kind, for the time when we were lectured was generally after morning prayer. Some of us, I among the number, thought guiltily that we had talked of Miss Hake. But now Miss Lloyd looked more woeful than stern, and drawing from her pocket a letter with a deep black edge and a large black seal, said, in a sad voice, 'My dears, I am sorry to inform you I have just had a letter to tell me that your young comrade and friend, Miss Hake, is dead. She died last Saturday night at a little before eight o'clock. I need not point out to you that, as this was the hour when Miss Bridgeman thought she saw Miss Hake, the idea of her having then been in the house was a fancy and a delusion. Take care, my dears, how you give way to fancies. I dare say Miss Bridgeman was a little unwell, a little timid, at being left alone in the dusk of the evening, and took the window-curtain for Miss Hake.'"

"But, grandmamma," we used to ask her, "did you really take the window-curtain for Miss Hake?"

"No, my dear children. I saw both window-curtain and Miss Hake as clearly as I now see you."

"But then, grandmamma," we used always to object, "if you did not take the window-curtain for Miss Hake—if you saw her as plainly as you do us—why will you not allow you saw a ghost?"

"Because, my dears, I do not believe in ghosts."

"But, grandmamma, you saw Miss Hake quite plainly. Now, do say, as plainly as I see you at this moment."

"Quite as plainly."

"And yet you do not believe you saw a spirit?"

"Not a bit of it!"

This was all we could ever get out of my grandmother; and I believe it set me thinking on these matters long afterward.

It was an Honorable Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Saxony who informed me that his brother Alfred was residing at the time of the following apparitional impression, on his living in Ireland; that there was an old aunt of theirs, also in Ireland, but residing at some distance from the clergyman, who was much looked up to by the family; that the clergyman, Mr. Alfred, was desirous to consult her on some family matters that rather occupied his mind; but that, though he knew she was ailing, he was unable, from a pressure of parochial duties, to go to her.

Mr. Alfred and his wife were in bed, in a room which opened into their drawing-room. Having not long retired, they had scarcely yet fallen into the incipient dreaminess of semi-slumber, when they were roused by hearing a voice in the adjoining apartment. "Good Heavens!" said Mrs. Alfred to her husband, "it is the voice of your aunt." The clergyman at once recognized that it was so. Both he and his wife, of course, imagined that the old lady had burst upon them with a sudden visit, and perhaps on some emergent occasion. But the voice said, "Don't be frightened; but get up, Alfred, and come to me. I don't want your wife. I will not have her leave her bed on any account." Mrs. Alfred would have remonstrated, and would have got up, but the voice was imperative, and as she knew the old lady to have a willfulness of character that would not be trifled with, she remained where she was, while her husband, hastily throwing on a few clothes and his dressing-gown, proceeded with the light which he had struck into the next room: leaving, however, the door between it and the bedroom partly open. In the sitting-room he found his aunt, attired, as usual, in plain, old-fashioned neatness (in a brown dress), sitting on a sofa; from which she did not on his entrance rise, but waving away, as it were, all ceremonials of greeting, signed to the clergyman to take his place beside her. He did so; and the old lady then entered on a long conversation with him, every word of which, as uttered by the two colloquists, was heard by Mrs. Alfred as she lay in bed in the next room. The old lady had been something of a skeptic on certain points connected with religion. These she first discussed, professing a more assured belief than formerly. After that she entered at length upon family matters, and gave Mr. Alfred all the advice and information he required on the subjects then agitating his mind. The information was valuable—was such as no one but the old lady in question could have furnished him with, and subsequently proved of material advantage to his interests. When all this had come to an end, the aunt rose from the sofa, and repelling, by a significant gesture, any hand-shaking or nearer approach to her person, seemed to melt out of the room—in a way so unlike an ordinary departure that, for the first time, Mr. Alfred was roused out of a strange bewildered state into a feeling of dread. He, however, hurried after his aunt, whom he supposed to be descending the stairs. No aunt was there. The household was then roused, and the house was searched, with the same negative result. That the aunt had not been there in the body was proved by the intelligence, received a day or two afterward, of her having been lying in bed dying—observe! not dead—at the time when the clergyman and his wife had supposed they were receiving indubitable tokens of her doubted presence.

This story, not only as regards the impression on two senses, but on the two senses of two separate persons, coming to me from an unimpeachable source, I have always considered of the highest interest. It would show that, in some cases, the cerebral agitation of a dying person is sufficiently strong to impress two brains—either immediately, or by transmission from one to the other.

There is, moreover, reason to suspect that even a non-moribund brain, in particular emotive states, can produce apparitional impression on another, or others. From a valued medical friend I have heard a remarkable story, tending to this: A gentleman and his wife, being in bed, had simultaneously the impression of a female being in the room, whom the husband alone recognized (for the wife had never seen her) as a lady to whom he had formerly been engaged to be married. It turned out afterward that the spectral impression had been produced on the night of the marriage of the lady with another person.

With respect to visual proofs of the moribund human influence, I might refer to a hundred admitted instances. The following narrative is so remarkable, and so well attested, that although it has been already given to the world, I shall preface with it those histories that I can give at first hand. It is from Mrs. Bray's life of Thomas Stothard, R.A., and relates to the death of Stothard's eldest son, Thomas, who was killed by an accident at the age of thirteen.

After mentioning that the boy's mind had been much and religiously impressed by a singular dream that he had had three months before the accident, Mrs. Bray thus proceeds:

"But there was a more awful, a yet more mysterious circumstance connected with the boy's death, which the afflicted mother used to relate, and to which Alfred Stothard, on reading my first account of it, added some few particulars previously unknown to me, as he had derived them from his parents. I do not pretend to judge of it. It might have been the effects of a *deceptio visus*, produced by a strong and anxious imagination; or it might have been a warning more than natural. It is not, however, my place to decide what it was.

"On the day the fatal accident occurred, the boy, in a very lively mood, came to his father, and asked him to give him some money, with permission to go out and buy a bird. His request was granted, and he left the house. As it afterward appeared, on his way to make the purchase he called on a favorite school-fellow to ask him to go with him. Mr. and Mrs. Stothard that afternoon proposed, what they often did in the summer months, to take a walk together in the neighborhood, or in one of the parks. They went, therefore, to their sleeping-room to make some change of dress. Mrs. Stothard had desired a servant to air a gown and to bring it up to her room. The servant had neglected this last part of the order. Mr. Stothard was standing before a glass with his back toward Mrs. Stothard, when she suddenly exclaimed (as if addressing her son), 'Tom, what do you here? But, as you are here, go down and tell the servant to bring up my gown.'

"Mr. Stothard, knowing that his son was out by his permission, said, with extreme surprise, 'What do you mean? Tom can not be here; he is gone out to buy a bird.'

"'I saw him but this instant standing by the side of the bed yonder,' replied Mrs. Stothard, and a cold chill ran through her husband's veins, as she added, that, when she spoke to him, he moved strangely, seemed to stoop down, and she saw him no more. She was greatly agitated, yet retained a perfect possession of her senses; but almost began to doubt their evidence, when she heard a knock at the house-door. On eagerly inquiring who it might be, the servant told her that two strangers were below, asking for Mr. Stothard. She rushed down the stairs and wanted to know their business. They would tell her nothing, but persisted in their desire to see her husband. He at length appeared. They requested to speak with him alone. 'It is about Tom,' said Mrs. Stothard, in the greatest perturbation of mind. Mr. Stothard and the gentlemen went into a front parlor: the door was shut. The anxious mother could not restrain the feelings of agonized curiosity that possessed her; she listened at the door, and heard that her son Thomas was shot dead by a school-fellow, who was accidentally handling a gun, and who, not knowing it to be loaded, aimed it at the unhappy boy when they were about going out together."

A well-known medical man, whom I will call Sigismond, narrated to me the following:

"I was staying," said he, "down in Wales, at a beautiful but lonely cottage. I was in a melancholy and distressed mood, on account of an absent friend whom I dearly loved, and whom I knew to be dangerously ill. One evening, late in autumn, I was sitting by a fire, which was acceptable at that season, but, as I am fond of air, had left unclosed the window of my little sitting-room, which opened down to the ground, and gave access to the lawn in front of the house. There was a bright moon shining out of doors, so that I could see distinctly any thing moving in the garden. Suddenly I saw very near to the window what seemed to me the face and figure of my friend about whom I was anxious. I did not see him as a shadow, or as an unsubstantial shape and coinage of the brain, but as a real material being, as completely external to myself as you are at this moment. As the last accounts of my friend had been more favorable, I made no doubt it was himself, who had by some miracle come down to Wales. I must say, however, that this was more an impression arising from the reality of the appearance than any consequence of reasoning about the matter. The whole took place so quickly I had no time to reflect. I went out to meet my friend, but as I passed into the garden he seemed to recede from me and to retire altogether from my view. I went round the little territory calling out and looking round the shrubberies for my friend, but as I saw nothing I began to conclude the whole affair had been my fancy. So I returned into the parlor, saying to myself, 'How strange!' I sat down by the fire again, but with a sort of restlessness had taken a different chair to what I had at first, and placed myself in it on the other side to where I had been sitting before, so that the empty chair faced me. Suddenly, as I lifted up my eyes, I saw my friend sitting in the opposite chair. This time there seemed no possibility of illusion. There he was, looking at me most kindly and affectionately. The light of the fire shone brightly on his face, which was a remarkably handsome one, and which now bore the aspect of health. There was about the countenance a beauty and a radiance that looked angelical, and which I shall never forget. The next moment I lost my recollection, and was only aroused from a kind of fainting fit by the restoratives applied by my landlady, who had heard me fall heavily on the floor, where she found me lying senseless."

"Well," I asked, "and was your friend dead?"

"Yes, he had died on the same night, and, as far as could be ascertained, at the very hour when I thought I saw him."

"Well," I asked, "does not this strike you?"

"It is singular, certainly," responded the Doctor; "but my fainting fit showed I was in a disordered state, such as might probably produce an ocular illusion."

"Yes, but what say you to your friend having died at the identical time of his appearing to you?"

"Oh!" was the answer, "that was certainly a singular coincidence; and yet I consider it only as a coincidence."

It is remarkable how generally—indeed universally—I have found that, like Dr. Sigismond, the seers of apparitions were not believers in apparitions. I do not find that fear or superstition has grown out of these visitations, but the contrary; and this unbelieving belief, this quiet acceptance of a fact as a fact, argues, I think, an instinctive feeling that such visitations are subject to a natural law, and are *not* those real presences from another world, at the idea of which we revolt as with an innate sense of disorder and incongruity.

Another singular fact, respecting thought-impressing by dying friends, is that nearly all the apparition stories which have been related to me by the seers themselves have not come out of the mouths of pale, wild, distractedly staring mortals, but of decent-looking bodies, who were remarkable for what is called "good sense."

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

[From Advance Sheets, direct from the Author.]

CHAPTER XIV.

MARTIN went with all speed to Sevenbergen; there he found Margaret pale and agitated, but full of resolution and energy. She was just finishing a letter to the Countess Charolois, appealing to her against the violence and treachery of Ghysbrecht.

"Courage!" cried Martin, on entering. "I have found him. He is in the haunted tower—right at the top of it. Ay! I know the place: many a poor fellow has gone up there straight, and come down feet foremost."

He then told them how he had looked up and seen Gerard's face at a window that was like a slit in the wall.

"Oh, Martin! how did he look?"

"What mean you? He looked like Gerard Gerardssoen."

"But was he pale?"

"A little."

"Looked he anxious? Looked he like one doomed?"

"Nay, nay; as bright as a pewter pot."

"You mock me. Ah! then that was at sight of you. He counts on us. Oh! what shall we do? Martin, good friend, take this at once to Rotterdam."

Martin held out his hand for the letter, but was interrupted.

Peter had sat silent all this time, but pondering, and, contrary to his usual custom, keenly attentive to what was going on around him.

"Put not your trust in princes," said he.

"Alas! what else have we to trust in?"

"Knowledge."

"Alas, father! your learning will not serve us here."

"How know you that? Wit has been too strong for iron bars ere to-day."

"Ay, father; but nature is stronger than wit, and she is against us. Think of the height. No ladder in Holland might reach."

"I need no ladder: what I need is a gold crown."

"Nay, I have money, for that matter. I have nine angels. Gerard gave them me to keep; but what do they avail? The Burgomaster will not be bribed to let Gerard free."

"What do they avail? Give me but one crown, and the young man shall sup with us this night."

Peter spoke so eagerly and confidently that for a moment Margaret felt hopeful; but she caught Martin's eye dwelling upon him with an expression of benevolent contempt.

"It passes the powers of man's invention," said she, with a deep sigh.

"Invention?" cried the old man. "A fig for invention! What need we invention at this time of day? Every thing has been said that is to be said, and done that can be done. I shall tell you how a Florentine knight was shut up in a tower higher than Gerard's; yet did his faithful squire stand at the tower foot and get him out, with no other engine than that in your hand, Martin, and certain kickshaws I shall buy for a crown."

Martin looked at his bow, and turned it round in his hand, and seemed to interrogate it. But the examination left him as incredulous as before.

Then Peter told them his story—how the faithful squire got the knight out of a high tower at Brescia. The manœuvre, like most things that are really scientific, was so simple that now their wonder was they had taken for impossible a thing which was not even difficult.

The letter never went to Rotterdam. They trusted to Peter's learning and their own dexterity.

It was nine o'clock on a clear moonlight night; Gerard, senior, was still away; the rest of his little family had been some time abed.

A figure stood by the dwarf's bed. It was white, and the moonlight shone on it.

With an unearthly noise, between a yell and a snarl, the gymnast rolled off his bed and under it by a single unbroken movement. A soft voice followed him in his retreat.

"Why, Giles, are you afeard of me?"

At this Giles's head peeped cautiously out, and he saw it was only his sister Kate.

She put her finger to her lips. "Hush! lest the wicked Cornelis or the wicked Sybrandt hear us."

She then revealed to Giles that she had heard Cornelis and Sybrandt mention Gerard's name; and being herself in great anxiety at his not coming home all day, had listened at their door, and had made a fearful discovery. Gerard was in prison, in the haunted tower of the Stadthouse. He was there, it seemed, by their father's authority. But here must be some treachery; for how could their father have ordered this cruel act? he was at Rotterdam. She ended by entreating Giles to bear her company to the fort of the haunted tower, to say a word of comfort to poor Gerard, and let him know their father was absent, and would be sure to release him on his return.

"Dear Giles, I would go alone, but I am afeard of the spirits that men say do haunt the tower; but with you I shall not be afeard."

"Nor I with you," said Giles. "I don't believe there are any spirits in Tergou. I never saw one. This last was the likest one ever I saw; and it was only you, Kate, after all."

In less than half an hour Giles and Kate opened the house-door cautiously and issued forth. She made him carry a lantern, though the night was bright. "The lantern gives me more courage against the evil spirits," said she.

The first day of imprisonment is very trying, especially if to the horror of captivity is added the horror of utter solitude. I observe that in our own day a great many persons commit suicide during the first twenty-four hours of the solitary cell. This is doubtless why our Jairi abstain so carefully from the impertinence of watching their little experiment upon the human soul at that stage of it.

As the sun declined Gerard's heart too sank and sank; with the waning light even the embers of hope went out. He was faint, too, with hunger; for he was afraid to eat the food Ghysbrecht had brought him: and hunger alone cows men. He sat upon the chest, his arms and his head drooping before him, a picture of despondency. Suddenly something struck the wall beyond him very sharply, and then rattled on the floor at his feet. It was an arrow; he saw the white feather. A chill ran through him—they meant then to assassinate him from the outside. He crouched. No more missiles came. He crawled on all fours, and took up the arrow: there was no head to it. He uttered a cry of hope. Had a friendly hand shot it? He took it up and felt it all over: he found a soft substance attached to it. Then one of his eccentricities was of grand use to him. His tinder-box enabled him to strike a light: it showed him two things that made his heart bound with delight, none the less thrilling for being somewhat vague. Attached to the arrow was a skein of silk, and on the arrow itself were words written.

How his eye devoured them, his heart panting the while!

Well-beloved, make fast the silk to thy knife and lower to us: but hold thy end fast: then count an Hundred and draw up.

Gerard seized the oak chest, and with almost superhuman energy dragged it to the window: a moment ago he could not have moved it. Standing on the chest, and looking down, he saw figures at the lower foot. They were so indistinct they looked like one huge form. He waved his bonnet to them with trembling hand; then he undid the silk rapidly but carefully, and made one end fast to his knife, and lowered it till it ceased to draw. Then he counted a hundred. Then pulled the silk carefully up: it came up a little heavier. At last he came to a large knot, and by that knot a stout whip-cord was attached to the silk. What might this mean? While he was puzzling himself Margaret's voice came up to him, low but clear. "Draw up, Gerard, till you see liberty in your hand." At the word Gerard drew the whip-cord line up, and drew and drew till he came to another knot, and found a cord of some thickness take the place of the whip-cord. He had no sooner begun to draw this up than he found that he had now a heavy weight to deal with. Then the truth suddenly flashed on him, and he went to work, and pulled and pulled till the perspiration rolled down him: the weight got heavier and heavier, and at last he was well-nigh exhausted; looking down, he saw in the moonlight a sight that revived him: it was, as it were, a great snake coming up to him out of the deep shadow cast by the tower. He gave a shout of joy, and a score more wild pulls, and lo! a stout new rope touched his hand: he hauled and hauled, and dragged the end into his power, and instantly passed it through both handles of the chest in succession, and knotted it firmly; then sat for a moment to recover his breath and collect his courage. The first thing was to make sure that the chest was sound, and capable of resisting his weight poised in mid-air. He jumped with all his force upon it. At the third jump the whole side burst open, and out scuttled the contents—a host of parchments.

After the first start and misgiving this gave him, Gerard comprehended that the chest had not burst but opened: he had doubtless jumped upon the secret spring. Still it shook in some degree his confidence in the chest's powers of resistance; so he gave it an ally: he took the iron bar and fastened it with the small rope across the large rope, and across the window. He now mounted the chest, and from the chest put his foot through the window, and sat half in and half out, with one hand on that part of the rope which was inside. It was a nervous moment; but the free air breathed on his face and gave him the courage to risk what we must all lose one day—for liberty. Many dangers awaited him, but the greatest was the first getting on to the rope outside. Gerard reflected. Finally he put himself in the attitude of a swimmer, his body to the waist being in the prison, his legs outside. Then holding the inside rope with both hands, he felt with his feet for the outside rope, and when he had got it he worked it in between the palms of his feet, and kept it there tight: then he put his left hand on the sill and gradually wriggled out. Then he seized the iron bar and for one fearful moment hung outside from it by his right hand, while his left hand seized the rope down at his knees. It was too tight against the wall for his fingers to get round it higher up. The next moment he left the bar and swiftly seized the rope with the right hand too; but in this manœuvre his body necessarily descended about a yard, and a stifled cry came up from below. Gerard hung in mid-air. He clenched his teeth, and nipped the rope tight with his feet, and gripped it with his hands, and went down slowly hand below hand. He passed by one huge rough stone after another. He saw there was green moss on one or two. He looked up and he looked down. The moon shone upon his prison window: it seemed very near. The fluttering figures below seemed an awful distance. It made him dizzy to look down: so he fixed his eyes steadily on the wall close to him, and went slowly down, down, down.

He passed a rusty slimy streak on the wall, it was some ten feet long. The rope made his hands very hot. He stole another look up.

The prison window was a good way off now.

Down—down—down—down.

The rope made his hands sore.

He looked up. The window was so distant he ventured now to turn his eyes downward again: and then, not more than thirty feet below him were Margaret and Martin, their faithful hands upstretched to catch him should he fall. He could see their eyes and their teeth shine.

"Take care, Gerard! Oh, take care! Look not down!"

"Fear me not," cried Gerard, joyfully, and eyed the wall, but came down faster.

In another minute his feet were at their hands. They seized him ere he touched the ground, and all three clung together in one rapturous, panting embrace.

"Hush! away in silence, dear one."

They stole along the shadow of the wall.

But ere they had gone many yards suddenly a stream of light shot from an angle of the building, and lay across their path like a barrier of fire, and they heard whispers and footsteps close at hand.

"Back!" hissed Martin. "Keep in the shade!"

They hurried back, passed the dangling rope, and made for a little square projecting tower. They had barely rounded it when the light shot trembling past them, and flickered uncertainly into the distance.

"A lantern!" groaned Martin, in a whisper. "They are after us."

"Give me my knife," whispered Gerard. "I'll never be taken alive."

"No, no!" murmured Margaret: "is there no way out where we are?"

"None, none! but I carry six lives at my shoulder:" and with the word Martin strung his bow and fitted an arrow to the string: "in war never wait to be struck; I will kill one or two ere they shall know where their death comes from:" then, motioning his companions to be quiet, he began to draw his bow, and ere the arrow was quite drawn to the head, he glided round the corner ready to loose the string the moment the enemy should offer a mark.

Gerard and Margaret palpitated. They had never seen life taken.

CHAPTER XV.

"I HOPE 'tis the Burgomaster that carries the light," said the escaped prisoner, panting with a strange mixture of horror and exultation. The soldier, he knew, would send an arrow through a burgher or a burgomaster as he would through a boar in a wood.

But who may foretell the future, however near? The bow, instead of remaining firm, and loosing the deadly shaft, was seen to waver first, then shake violently, and the stout soldier staggered back to them, his knees knocking and his cheeks blanched with fear. He let his arrow fall, and clutched Gerard's shoulder.

"Let me feel flesh and blood," he gasped: "the haunted tower! the haunted tower!"

His terror communicated itself to Margaret and Gerard. They could hardly find breath to ask him what he had seen.

"Hush!" he cried, "it will hear you. *Up* the wall! it is going *up* the wall! Its head is on fire. *Up* the wall, as mortal creatures walk upon green sward. If you know a prayer say it! For hell is loose to-night."

"I have power to exorcise spirits," said Gerard, trembling. "I will venture forth."

"Go alone, then!" said Martin, "I have looked on't once and live."

Gerard stepped forth, and Margaret seized his hand and held it convulsively, and they crept out.

Sure enough a sight struck their eyes that benumbed them as they stood. Half-way up the tower, a creature with fiery head, like an enormous glow-worm, was going steadily up the wall: the body was dark, but its outline visible, and the whole creature not much less than four feet long.

At the foot of the tower stood a thing in white, that looked exactly like the figure of a female. Gerard and Margaret palpitated with awe.

"The rope—the rope! It is going up the rope—not the wall!" gasped Gerard.

As they gazed the glow-worm disappeared in Gerard's late prison, but its light illuminated the cell inside and reddened the window. The white figure stood motionless below.

Such as can retain their senses after the first prostrating effect of the supernatural are apt to experience terror in one of its strangest forms, a wild desire to fling themselves upon the terrible object. It fascinates them as the snake the bird. The great tragedian Macready used to render this finely in Macbeth at Banquo's second appearance. He flung himself with averted head at the horrible shadow. This strange impulse now seized Margaret. She put down Gerard's hand quietly, and stood fascinated; then, all in a moment, with a wild cry, darted toward the spectre. Gerard, not aware of the natural impulse I have spoken of, never doubted the evil one was drawing her to her perdition. He fell on his knees.

"Exorcizo vos. In nomine beatæ Mariæ, exorcizo vos."

While he was shrieking his incantations in extremity of terror, to his infinite relief he heard the spectre utter a feeble cry of fear. To find that hell had also its little weaknesses was encouraging. He redoubled his exorcisms, and presently he saw the shape kneeling at Margaret's knees, and heard it praying piteously for mercy.

Poor little spectre! It took Margaret for the ill spirit of the haunted tower, come flying out on it—to damn it.

Kate and Giles soon reached the haunted tower. Judge their surprise when they found a new rope dangling from the prisoner's window to the ground.

"I see how it is," said the inferior intelligence, taking facts as they came. "Our Gerard has come down this rope. He has got clear. Up I go, and see."

"No, Giles, no!" said the superior intelligence blinded by prejudice. "See you not this is glamour. This rope is a line the evil one casts out to wile you to destruction. He knows the weaknesses of all our hearts; he has seen how fond you are of going up things. Where should our Gerard procure a rope? how fasten it in the very sky like that? It is not in nature. Holy saints protect us this night, for hell is abroad!"

"Stuff!" said the dwarf: "the way to hell is down, and this rope leads up. I never had the luck to go up such a long rope. It may be years ere I fall in with such a long rope all ready fastened for me. As well be knocked on the head at once as never know enjoyment."

And he sprung on to the rope with a cry of delight, as a cat jumps with a mew on a table where fish is. All the gymnast was on fire; and the only concession Kate could gain from him was permission to fasten the lantern on his neck first.

"A light scares the ill spirits," said she.

And so, with his huge arms, and legs like feathers, Giles went up the rope faster than his brother came down it. The light at the nape of his neck made a glow-worm of him. His sister watched his progress with trembling anxiety. Suddenly a female figure started out of the solid masonry, and came flying at her with more than mortal velocity.

Kate uttered a feeble cry. It was all she could, for her tongue clove to her palate with terror. Then she dropped her crutches, and sank upon her knees, hiding her face and moaning:

"Take my body, but spare my soul!" etc.

Margaret (panting). "Why, it is a woman!"

Kate (quivering). "Why, it is a woman!"

Margaret. "How you frightened me!"

Kate. "I am frightened enough myself. Oh! oh! oh!"

"This is strange. But the fiery-headed thing! Yet it was with you, and you are harmless. But why are you here at this time of night?"

"Nay, why are YOU?"

"Perhaps we are on the same errand? Ah! you are his *good* sister, Kate."

"And you are Margaret Brandt."

"Yes."

"All the better. You love him: you are here. Then Giles was right. He has escaped."

Gerard came forward, and put the question at rest. But all further explanation was cut short by a horrible unearthly cry, like a sepulchre exulting aloud:

"PARCHMENT! PARCHMENT! PARCHMENT!"

At each repetition it rose in intensity. They looked up, and there was the dwarf with his hands full of parchments, and his face lighted with fiendish joy, and lurid with diabolical fire. The light being at his neck, a more infernal "transparency" never startled mortal eye. With the word the awful imp hurled the parchment down at the astonished heads below. Down came the records, like wounded wild ducks, some collapsed, others fluttering, and others spread out and wheeling slowly down in airy circles. They had hadly settled when again the sepulchral roar was heard: "Parchment! Parchment!" and down pattered and sailed another flock of documents—another followed: they whitened the grass. Finally, the fire-headed imp, with his light body and horny hands, slid down the rope like a falling star, and (business before sentiment) proposed to Gerard an immediate settlement for the merchandise he had just delivered.

"Hush!" said Gerard; "you speak too loud. Gather them up and follow us to a safer place than this."

"Will you not come home with me, Gerard?"

"I have no home."

"You shall not say so, Gerard. Who is more welcome than you will be, after this cruel wrong, to your father's house?"

"Father? I have no father," said Gerard, sternly. "He that was my father is turned my jailer. I have escaped from his hands; I will never come within their reach again."

"An enemy did this, and not our father," said Kate.

And she told him what she had overheard Cornelis and Sybrandt say. But the injury was too recent to be soothed. Gerard showed a bitterness of indignation he had hitherto seemed incapable of.

"Cornelis and Sybrandt are two ill curs that have shown me their teeth and their heart a long while; but they could do no more. My father it is that gave the Burgomaster authority, or he durst not have laid a finger on me, that am a free burgher of this town. So be it, then. I was his son—I am his prisoner. He has played his part—I shall play mine. Farewell the town where I was born and lived honestly, and was put in prison. While there is another town left in creation I'll never trouble you again, Tergou."

"Oh, Gerard! Gerard!"

Margaret whispered her, "Do not gainsay him now. Give his choler time to cool!"

Kate turned quickly toward her. "Let me look at your face!" The inspection was favorable, it seemed, for she whispered, "It is a comely face, and no mischief-maker's."

"Fear me not," said Margaret, in the same tone. "I could not be happy without your love as well as Gerard's."

"These are comfortable words," sobbed Kate. Then, looking up, she said, "I little thought to like you so well. My heart is willing, but my infirmity will not let me embrace you."

At this point Margaret turned gently round to Gerard's sister, and kissed her lovingly.

"Often he has spoken of you to me, Kate, and often I longed for this."

"You, too, Gerard," said Kate, "kiss me ere you go, for my heart lies heavy at parting with you this night."

Gerard kissed her, and she went on her crutches home. The last thing they heard of her was a little patient sigh. Then the tears came and stood thick in Margaret's eyes; but Gerard was a man, and noticed it not.

As they turned to go to Sevenbergen the dwarf nudged Gerard with his bundle of parchments, and sought remuneration.

Margaret dissuaded Gerard. "Why take what is not ours?"

"Oh! spoil an enemy how you can."

"But may they not make this a handle for fresh violence?"

"How can they? Think you I shall stay in Tergou after this? The Burgomaster robbed me of my liberty; I would take his life for it if I could."

"Oh fie, Gerard!"

"What? Is life worth more than liberty? Well, I can't take his life, so I take the first thing that comes to hand."

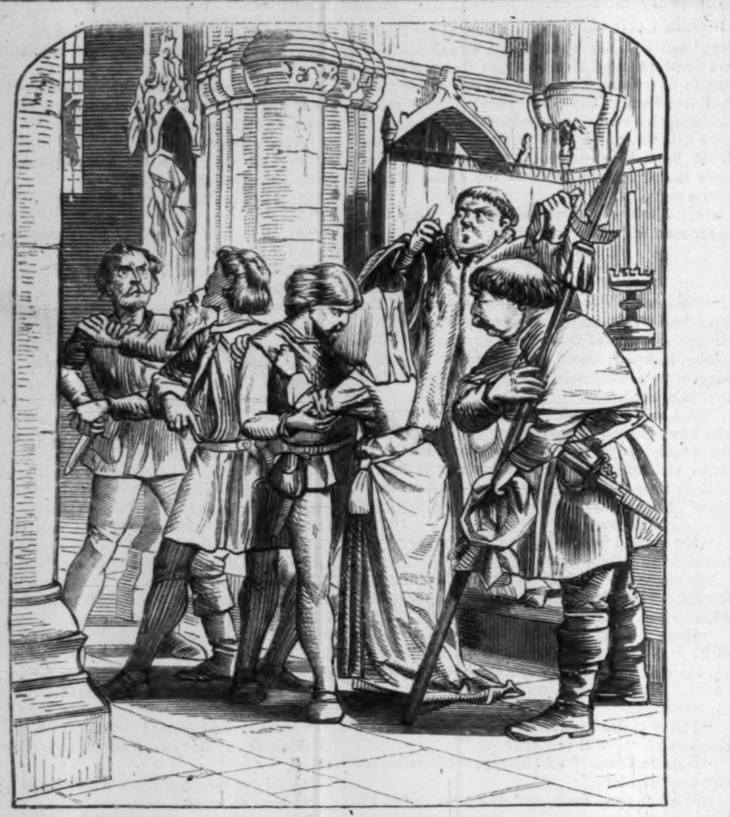
He gave Giles a few small coins, with which the urchin was gladdened, and shuffled after his sister. Margaret and Gerard were speedily joined by Martin, and away to Sevenbergen.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ghysbrecht Van Swieten kept the key of Gerard's prison in his pouch. He waited till ten of the clock ere he visited him; for he said to himself, "A little hunger sometimes does well; it breaks them." At ten he crept up the stairs with a loaf and pitcher, followed by his trusty servant, well-armed. Ghysbrecht listened at the door. There was no sound inside. A grim smile stole over his features. "By this time he will be as down-hearted as Albert Koestein was," thought he. He opened the door.

No Gerard.

Ghysbrecht stood stupefied.



Although his face was not visible, his body seemed to lose all motion in so peculiar a way, and then after a little he fell a-trembling so, that the servant behind him saw there was something amiss, and crept close to him, and peeped over his shoulder. At sight of the empty cell, and the rope, and iron bar, he uttered a loud exclamation of wonder; but his surprise doubled when his master, disregarding all else, suddenly flung himself on his knees before the empty chest, and felt wildly all over it with quivering hands, as if unwilling to trust his eyes in a matter so important.

The servant gazed at him in utter bewilderment. "Why, master, what is the matter?"

Ghysbrecht's pale lips worked as if he was going to answer; but they uttered no sound. His hands fell by his side, and he stared into the chest.

"Why, master, what avails glaring into that empty box? He is not there. See here! Note the cunning of the young rogue; he hath taken out the bar, and—"

"GONE! GONE! GONE!"

"Gone? What is gone? Holy saints! he is planet-struck!"

"STOP THIEF!" shrieked Ghysbrecht, and suddenly turned on his servant and collared him, and shook him with rage. "D'ye stand there, knave, and see your master robbed? Run! fly! A hundred crowns to him that finds it me again. No, no! 'tis in vain. Oh, fool! fool! to leave that in the same room with him. But none ever found the secret spring before. None ever would but he. It was to be. It is to be. Lost! lost!" And his years and infirmity now gained the better of his short-lived frenzy, and he sank on the chest muttering "Lost! lost!"

"What is lost, master?" said the servant, kindly.

"House and lands and good name," groaned Ghysbrecht, and wrung his hands feebly.

"What?" cried the servant.

This emphatic word, and the tone of eager curiosity, struck on Ghysbrecht's ear, and revived his natural cunning.

"I have lost the town records," stammered he; and he looked askant at the man like a fox caught near a hen-roost.

"Oh, is that all?"

"Is't not enough? What will the burghers say to me? What will the burgh do?" Then he suddenly burst out again, "A hundred crowns to him who shall recover them; all, mind, all that were in this box. If one be missing I give nothing."

"'Tis a bargain, master: the hundred crowns are in my pouch. See you not that where Gerard Gerardssoen is, there are the pieces of sheep-skin you rate so high?"

"That is true, that is true; good Dierich: good, faithful Dierich! All, mind, all that were in the chest."

"Master, I will take the constables to Gerard's house and seize him for the theft."

"The theft? ay! good! very good! It is theft. I forgot that. So, as he is a thief now, we will put him in the dungeons below, where the toads are, and the rats. Dierich, that man must never see daylight again. 'Tis his own fault. He must be prying. Quick, quick! ere he has time to talk, you know—time to talk."

In less than half an hour Dierich Brower and four constables entered the hosier's house and demanded young Gerard of the panic-stricken Catherine.

"Alas! what has he done now?" cried she; "that boy will break my heart."

"Nay, dame, but a trick of youth," said Dierich. "He hath but made off with certain skins of parchment—in a frolic, doubtless; but the Burgomaster is answerable to the burgh for their safe keeping, so he is in care about them; as for the youth, he will doubtless be quit for a reprimand."

This smooth speech completely imposed on Catherine; but her daughter was more suspicious, and that suspicion was strengthened by the disproportionate anger and disappointment Dierich showed the moment he learned Gerard was not at home—had not been at home that night.

"Come away, then," said he, roughly. "We are wasting time." He added, vehemently, "I'll find him if he is above ground."

Affection sharpens the wits, and often it has made an innocent person more than a match for the wily. As Dierich was going out, Kate made him a signal she would speak with him privately. He bade his men go on, and waited outside the door. She joined him.

"Hush!" said she, "my mother knows not. Gerard has left Tergou."

"How!"

"I saw him last night."

"Ay? Where?" cried Dierich, eagerly.

"At the foot of the haunted tower."

"How did he get the rope?"

"I know not; but this I know; my brother Gerard bade me there farewell, and he is many leagues from Tergou ere this. The town, you know, was always unworthy of him, and when it imprisoned him he vowed never to set foot in it again. Let the Burgomaster be content, then. He has imprisoned him, and he has driven him from his birth-place and from his native land. What need now to rob him and us of our good name?"

This might at another moment have struck Dierich as good sense; but he was too mortified at this escape of Gerard and the loss of a hundred crowns.

"What need had he to steal?" retorted he, bitterly.

"Gerard stole not the trash: he but *took* it to spite the Burgomaster, who stole his liberty; but he shall answer to the Duke for it, he shall. Look in the nearest brook or sty, and maybe you shall find these skins of parchment you keep such a coil about."

"Think ye so, mistress?—think ye so?" And Dierich's eyes flashed. "Mayhap you know 'tis so."

"This I know that Gerard is too good to steal, and too wise to load himself with rubbish, going a journey."

"Give you good day, then," said Dierich, sharply. "The sheep-skin you scorn I value it more than the skin of any he in Tergou."

And he went off hastily on a false scent.

Kate returned into the house and drew Giles aside.

"Giles, my heart misgives me; breathe not to a soul what I say to you. I have told Dirk Brower that Gerard is out of Holland, but much I doubt he is not a league from Tergou."

"Why, where is he, then?"

"Where should he be but with her he loves? But if so he must not loiter. These be deep and dark and wicked men that seek him. Giles, I see that in Dirk Brower's eye makes me tremble. Oh! why can not I fly to Sevenbergen, and bid him away? Why am I not lusty and active like other girls? God forgive me for fretting at his will; but I never felt till now what it is to be lame and weak and useless. But you are strong, dear Giles," added she, coaxingly; "you are very strong."

"Yes, I am strong!" thundered Perpusillus; then, catching sight of her meaning, "but I hate to go on foot," he added, sulkily.

"Alas! alas! who will help me if you will not? Dear Giles, do you not love Gerard?"

"Yes, I like him best of the lot. I'll go to Sevenbergen on Peter Buysken his mule. Ask you him, for he won't lend her me."

Kate remonstrated. The whole town would follow him. It would be known whither he was gone, and Gerard be in worse danger than before.

Giles parried this by promising to ride out of the town the opposite way, and not turn the mule's head toward Sevenbergen till he had got rid of the curious.

Kate then assented, and borrowed the mule. She charged Giles with a short but meaning message, and made him repeat it after her, over and over, till he could say it word for word.

Giles started on the mule, and little Kate retired, and did the last thing now in her power for her beloved brother; prayed on her knees long and earnestly for his safety.

CHAPTER XVII.

GERARD and Margaret went gayly to Sevenbergen in the first flush of recovered liberty and successful adventure. But these soon yielded to sadder thoughts. Neither of them attached any importance to the abstraction of the sheep-skins: but Gerard was an escaped prisoner, and liable to be retaken and perhaps punished; and therefore he and Margaret would have to part for a time. Moreover he had conceived a hatred to his native place. Margaret wished him to leave the country for a while, but at the thought of his going to Italy her heart fainted. Gerard, on the contrary, was reconciled to leaving Margaret only by his desire to visit Italy, and his strong conviction that there he should earn money and reputation, and remove every obstacle to their marriage. He had already told her all that the demoiselle Van Eyck had said to him. He repeated it, and reminded Margaret that the gold pieces were only given him to go to Italy with. The journey to Italy was clearly for Gerard's interest. He was a craftsman and an artist, lost in this boorish place. In Italy they would know how to value him. On this ground, above all, the unselfish girl gave her consent; but many tender tears came with it, and at that Gerard, young and loving as herself, cried bitterly with her, and often they asked one another what they had done that so many different persons should be their enemies, and combine, as it seemed, to part them.

They sat hand in hand till midnight, now deploring their hard fate, now drawing bright and hopeful pictures of the future, in the midst of which Margaret's tears would suddenly flow, and then poor Gerard's eloquence would die away in a sigh.

The morning found them resigned to part, but neither had the courage to say when; and much I doubt whether the hour of parting ever would have struck.

But about three in the afternoon, Giles, who had made a circuit of many miles to avoid suspicion, rode up to the door. They both ran out to him, eager with curiosity. He soon turned that light feeling to dismay.

"Brother Gerard," cried he, in his tremendous tones, "Kate bids you run for your life. They charge you with theft; you have given them a handle. Think not to explain. Hope not for justice in Tergou! The parchments you took they are but a blind. She hath seen your death in the men's eyes: a price is on your head. Fly! For Margaret's sake and all who love you, loiter not life away, but fly!"

It was a thunder-clap, and left two pale faces looking at one another, awe-struck.

Then Giles, who had hitherto but uttered by rote what Catherine bade him, put in a word of his own.

"All the constables were at our house after you, and so was Dirk Brower. Kate is wise, Gerard. Best give ear to her rede, and fly."

"Oh, yes! Gerard," cried Margaret, wildly. "Fly on the instant. Ah! those parchments; my mind misgave me: why did I let you take them?"

"Margaret, they are but a blind: Giles says so: no matter, the old caitiff shall never see them again; I will not go till I have hidden his treasure where he shall never find it." Gerard then, after thanking Giles warmly, bade him farewell, and told him to go back and tell Kate he was gone. "For I shall be gone, ere you reach home," said he. He shouted for Martin; and told him what had happened, and begged him to go a little way toward Tergou, and watch the road.

"Ay!" said Martin, "and if I see Dirk Brower, or any of his men, I will shoot an arrow into the oak-tree that is in our garden; and on that you must run into the forest hard by, and meet me at the weird hunter's spring. Then I will guide you through the wood."

Surprise thus provided against, Gerard breathed again. He went with Margaret, and while she watched the oak-tree tremblingly, fearing every moment to see an arrow strike among the branches, Gerard dug a deep hole to bury the parchments in.

He threw them in, one by one. They were nearly all charters and records of the burgh; but one appeared to be a private deed between Floris Brandt, father of Peter and Ghysbrecht.

"Why this is as much yours as his," said Gerard. "I will read this."

"Oh, not now, Gerard, not now," cried Margaret. "Every moment you lose fills me with fear; and see, large drops of rain are beginning to fall, and the clouds lower."

Gerard yielded to this remonstrance: but he put the deed into his bosom, and threw the earth in over the others and stamped it down. While thus employed there came a flash of lightning, followed by a peal of distant thunder, and the rain came down heavily. Margaret and Gerard ran into the house, whither they were speedily followed by Martin.

"The road is clear," said he, "and a heavy storm coming on."

His words proved true. The thunder came nearer and nearer till it crashed overhead: the flashes followed one another close, like the strokes of a whip, and the rain fell in torrents. Margaret hid her face not to see the lightning. On this, Gerard put up the rough shutter, and lighted a candle. The lovers consulted together, and Gerard blessed the storm that gave him a few hours more with Margaret. The sun set unperceived, and still the thunder pealed, and the lightning flashed, and the rain poured. Supper was set; but Gerard and Margaret could not eat: the thought that this was the last time they should sup together choked them. The storm lulled a little. Peter retired to rest. But Gerard was to go at peep of day, and neither he nor Margaret could afford to lose an hour in sleep. Martin sat up a while, too; for he was fitting a new string to his bow, a matter in which he was very nice.

The lovers murmured their sorrows and their love beside him.

Suddenly the old man held up his hand to them to be silent.

They were quiet and listened, and heard nothing. But the next moment a footstep crackled faintly upon the autumn leaves that lay strewn in the garden at the back door of the house. To those who had nothing to fear such a step would have said nothing: but to those who had enemies it was terrible. For it was a foot trying to be noiseless.

Martin fitted an arrow to his string, and hastily blew out the candle. At this moment, to their horror, they heard more than one footstep approach the other door of the cottage, not quite so noiselessly as the other, but very stealthily—and then a dead pause. Their blood almost froze in their veins.

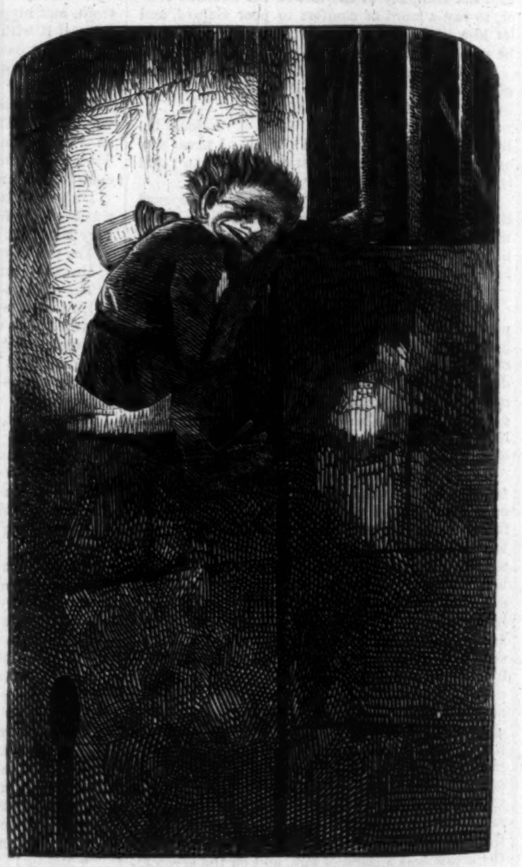
"Oh, Kate! oh, Kate! She said, fly on the instant!" And Margaret moaned and wrung her hands in anguish and terror and wild remorse.

"Hush, girl!" said Martin, in a stern whisper; and even at that moment a heavy knock fell on the door.

POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

WE give herewith a correct portrait of the Pope, from a late photograph. A few years ago portraits of Pius were common enough; latterly, since the French occupation of Rome, his popularity has declined, and his face has ceased to be an object of attraction. Now, once more, the Napoleonic scheme of an Italian Confederation with the Pope at its head has revived the interest once felt in the successor of St. Peter. Not a few, moreover, may feel some curiosity to behold the features of the man who, though Vicar of Christ, ordered and approved the infamous massacre of Perugia.

Pope Pius the Ninth was born at Senegalia in 1792, and is consequently, at the present time, sixty-seven years old. His family was ancient and wealthy; his name is Mastai Ferretti. In early youth he was destined for the army, and it is said—though this has been denied—that he served some time in a regiment of dragoons. However this be, he fell in love, when a very young man, with a beautiful English girl, who refused to marry him unless he would become a Protestant. Declining to pay this price for a wife, and unable to bear the mortification of losing her he loved, Mastai resigned his commission, entered the Church, and won golden opinions by his fervor, zeal, and intelligence. At the age of thirty he was dispatched to Chili to reorganize the Church there, which had been thrown into disorder by the revolution. This mission he fulfilled with such success that, on his return, he was intrusted with an important post in the government at Rome. He



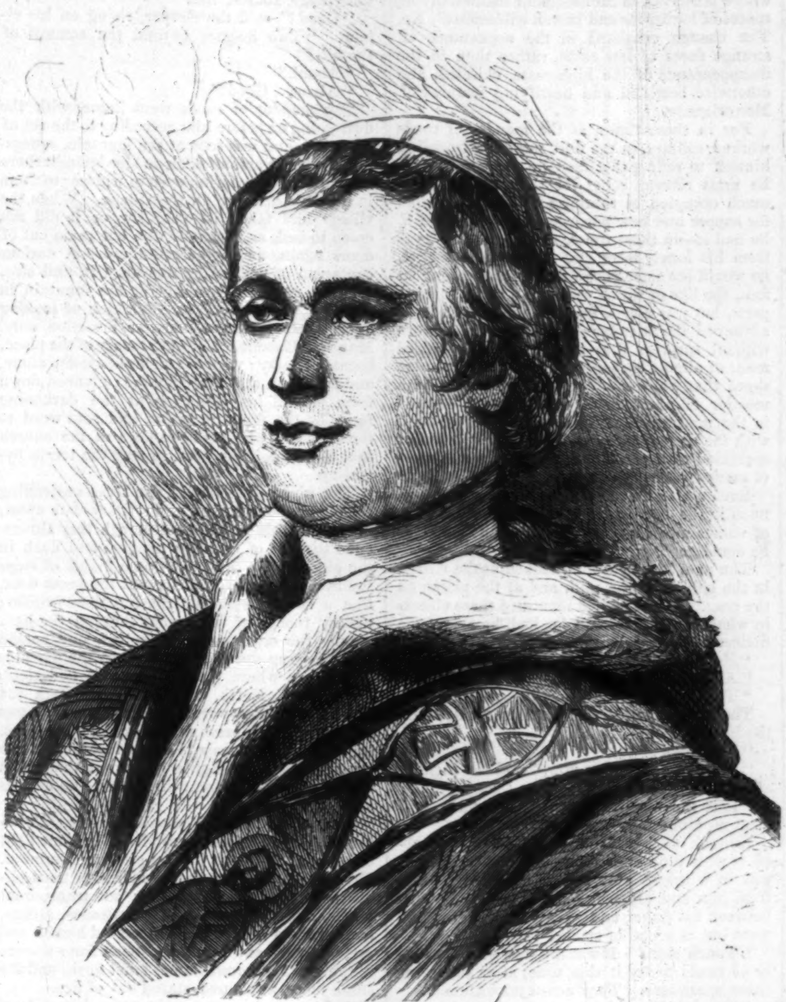
shortly afterward became Papal nuncio at Naples. There he won no little fame by the courage and disinterested kindness which he displayed toward the sick; the cholera was raging among the lazaroni, and many priests, overcome by terror, refused to perform their offices to the dying. Mastai not only spent his whole time at the bedside of the sufferers, but sold his plate and carriages and devoted the money to their use; preferring, as he said, "to walk on foot so long as the poor of Jesus were dying in the streets."

Under Gregory XVI. Mastai Ferretti, who had been appointed a cardinal, administered the diocese of Imola, in the Romagna, and by his skill and conciliatory policy contrived to soothe much of the discontent which prevailed in that region. On Gregory's death he was summoned to Rome to assist at the conclave which was to elect a new Pope. It was generally understood that Gregory's successor was to be Cardinal Lambruschini; Cardinal Ferretti was one of the scrutineers. On the third ballot he was elected Pope. His excitement when, as scrutineer, he made the astounding discovery, was so great that he fainted.

As pope Pius IX. commenced his career nobly. He liberated the thousands of political prisoners who had been thrown into jail by Gregory. He reformed many departments of the Government. He encouraged the national Italian feeling. He spoke openly against the Austrian domination. So novel a stand for the head of the Church attracted the world's attention. Pius became the most popular man in Europe, and the excitable Italian people ripened for revolt. The French revolution of 1848 kindled the flame. Then Pius tried to stem the tide by reactionary measures. It was too late. He refused to be a party to any revolutionary proceedings, and appointed the most unpopular noble in Rome—Count Rossi—to be his Prime Minister. It was fatal. The Romans rose, murdered Rossi, took the government into their own hands, and imprisoned the Pope, who was only too glad to fly, some time afterward, in the disguise of a Bavarian valet.

He made his escape to Gaeta, where, for some months, he held his court. At length, the Austrians and their despotic allies having begun to crush out revolution, Pius was restored by the French and Neapolitans. Ever since then he has been upheld on his throne by a French army. Were the French to leave Rome the old man's head would not be safe for an instant.

It is said by Monsieur About, who knows more about Rome than any other author of the day, that the Pope is a good man, but weak, and entirely controlled by Antonelli, who is the type of a sensual, narrow-minded, ruffianly tyrant. Certain it is, that the recent policy of the Pope has not in any way confirmed the promise of his early career. His sympathies in the late contest were ever manifested on the side of oppression and bigotry, and opposed to the spirit of Italian independence. Nothing could have been written more absurd or more false in spirit than his proclamations after the massacre at Perugia, and his manifesto against his subjects in the Romagna. There are many who think that the Pope's condition will be improved by the adoption of Napoleon's plan for a Confederacy with Pius at its head. We are not of this number. Napoleon sees well enough that the Pope's temporal authority has become intolerable. By-and-by, when he has accepted his new dignity, we shall probably see him quietly stripped of the temporal power which he has so shamefully abused, and his people freed from the worst despotism on earth.



POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

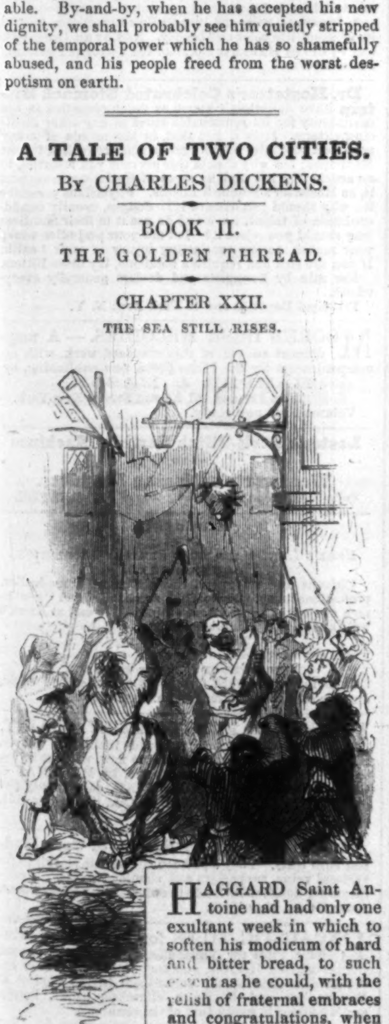
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SEA STILL RISES.



HAGGARD Saint Antoine had had only one exultant week in which to soften his modicum of hard and bitter bread, to such extent as he could, with the relish of fraternal embraces and congratulations, when Madame Defarge sat at her counter, as usual, presiding over the customers. Madame Defarge wore no rose in her head, for the great brotherhood of Spies had become, even in one short week, extremely chary of trusting themselves to the Saint's mercies. The lamps across his streets had a portentously elastic swing with them.

Madame Defarge, with her arms folded, sat in the morning light and heat, contemplating the wine-shop and the street. In both there were several knots of loungers, squalid and miserable, but now with a manifest sense of power enthroned on their distress. The raggedest night-cap, awry on the wretchedest head, had this crooked significance in it: "I know how hard it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to support life in myself; but do you know how easy it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to destroy life in you?" Every lean, bare arm, that had been without work before, had this work always ready for it now, that it could strike. The fingers of the knitting women were vicious, with the experience that they could tear. There was a change in the appearance of Saint Antoine; the image had been hammering into this for hundreds of years, and the last finishing blows had told mightily on the expression.

Madame Defarge sat observing it, with such suppressed approval as was to be desired in the leader of the Saint Antoine women. One of her sisterhood knitted beside her. The short, rather plump wife of a starved grocer, and the mother of two children withal, this lieutenant had already earned the complimentary name of The Vengeance.

"Hark!" said The Vengeance. "Listen, then! Who comes?"

As if a train of powder, laid from the outermost bound of the Saint Antoine Quarter to the wine-shop door, had been suddenly fired, a fast-spreading murmur came rushing along.

"It is Defarge," said madame. "Silence, patriots!"

Defarge came in breathless, pulled off a red cap he wore, and looked around him. "Listen, every where!" said madame, again. "Listen to him!" Defarge stood, panting, against a back-ground of eager eyes and open mouths, formed outside the door; all those within the wine-shop had sprung to their feet.

"Say then, my husband. What is it?"

"News from the other world!"

"How, then?" cried madame, contemptuously. "The other world?"

"Does every body here recall old Foulon, who told the famished people that they might eat grass, and who died and went to Hell?"

"Every body!" from all throats.

"The news is of him. He is among us!"

"Among us!" from the universal throat again. "And dead?"

"Not dead! He feared us so much—and with reason—that he caused himself to be represented as dead, and had a grand mock-funeral. But they have found him alive, hiding in the country, and have brought him in. I have seen him but now, on his way to the Hôtel de Ville, a prisoner. I have said that he had reason to fear us. Say all! *Had* he reason?"

Wretched old sinner of more than threescore years and ten! if he had never known it yet, he would have known it in his heart of hearts if he could have heard the answering cry.

A moment of profound silence followed. Defarge and his wife looked steadfastly at one another. The Vengeance stooped, and the jar of a drum was heard as she moved it at her feet behind the counter.

"Patriots!" said Defarge, in a determined voice, "are we ready?"

Instantly Madame Defarge's knife was in her girdle; the drum was beating in the streets, as if it and a drummer had flown together by magic; and The Vengeance, uttering terrific shrieks, and flinging her arms about her head like all the forty Furies at once, was tearing from house to house, rousing the women.

The men were terrible in the bloody-minded anger with which they looked from windows, caught up what arms they had, and came pouring down into the streets; but the women were a sight to chill the boldest. From such household occupations as their bare poverty yielded, from their children, from their aged and their sick crouching on the bare ground famished and naked, they ran out with streaming hair, urging one another and themselves to madness with the wildest cries and actions. Villain Foulon taken, my sister! Old Foulon taken, my mother! Miscreant Foulon taken, my daughter! Then a score of others ran into the midst of these, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and screaming, Foulon alive! Foulon who told the starving people they might eat grass! Foulon who told my old father that he might eat grass, when I had no bread to give him! Foulon who told my baby it might suck grass, when these breasts were dry with want! O mother of God, this Foulon! O Heaven, our suffering! Hear me, my dead baby and my withered father: I swear on my knees, on these stones, to avenge you on Foulon! Husbands, and brothers, and young men, Give us the blood of Foulon, Give us the head of Foulon, Give us the heart of Foulon, Give us the body and soul of Foulon, Rend Foulon to pieces, and dig him into the ground, that grass may grow from him! With these cries numbers of the women, lashed into blind frenzy, whirled about, striking and tearing at their own friends until they dropped in a passionate swoon, and were only saved by the men belonging to them from being trampled under foot.

Nevertheless, not a moment was lost; not a moment! This Foulon was at the Hôtel de Ville, and might be loosed. Never, if Saint Antoine knew his own sufferings, insults, and wrongs! Armed men and women flocked out of the Quarter so fast, and drew even these last dregs after them with such a force of suction, that within a quarter of an hour there was not a human creature in Saint Antoine's bosom but a few old crones and the wailing children.

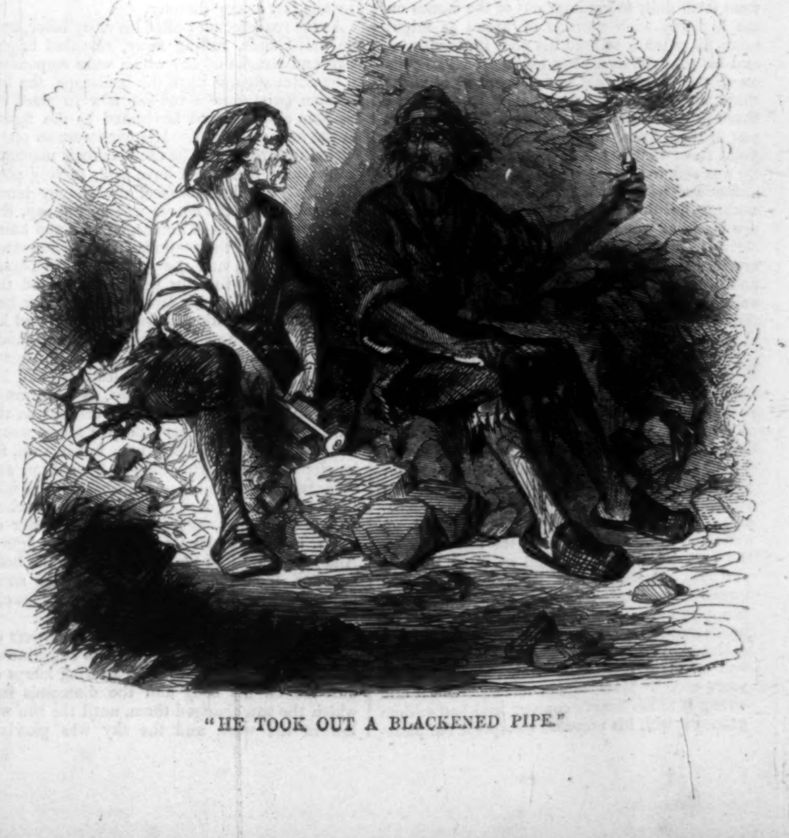
No. They were all by that time choking the Hall of examination where this old man, ugly and wicked, was, and overflowing into the adjacent open space and streets. The Defarges, husband and wife, The Vengeance, and Jacques Three, were in the first press, and at no great distance from him in the Hall.

"See!" cried madame, pointing with her knife. "See the old villain bound with ropes. That was well done to tie a bunch of grass upon his back. Ha, ha! That was well done. Let him eat it now!" Madame put her knife under her arm, and clapped her hands as at a play.

The people immediately behind Madame Defarge, explaining the cause of her satisfaction to those behind them, and those again explaining to others, and those to others, the neighboring streets resounded with the clapping of hands. Similarly, during two or three hours of drawl, and the winnowing of many bushels of words, Madame Defarge's frequent expressions of impatience were taken up, with marvelous quickness, at a distance: the more readily because certain men, who had by some wonderful exercise of agility climbed up the external architecture to look in from the windows, knew Madame Defarge well, and acted as a telegraph between her and the crowd outside the building.

At length the sun rose so high that it struck a kindly ray, as of hope or protection, directly down upon the old prisoner's head. The favor was too much to bear; in an instant the barrier of dust and chaff that had stood surprisingly long went to the winds, and Saint Antoine had got him!

It was known directly to the furthest confines of the crowd. Defarge had but sprung over a railing and a table, and folded the miserable wretch in a deadly embrace—Madame Defarge had but followed and turned her hand in one of the ropes with which he was tied—The Vengeance and Jacques Three were not yet up with them, and the men at the windows had not yet swooped into the Hall, like birds of prey,



"HE TOOK OUT A BLACKENED PIPE."

from their high perches—when the cry seemed to go up, all over the city, "Bring him out! Bring him to the lamp!"

Down, and up, and head foremost on the steps of the building; now, on his knees; now, on his feet; now, on his back; dragged, and struck at, and stifled by the bunches of grass and straw that were thrust into his face by hundreds of hands; torn, bruised, panting, bleeding, yet always entreating and beseeching for mercy; now, full of vehement agony of action, with a small clear space about him as the people drew one another back that they might see; now, a log of dead wood drawn through a forest of legs; he was hauled to the nearest street corner where one of the fatal lamps swung, and there Madame Defarge let him go—as a cat might have done to a mouse—and silently and composedly looked at him while they made ready, and while he besought her: the women passionately screeching at him all the time, and the men sternly calling out to have him killed with grass in his mouth. Once, he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; twice, he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; then, the rope was merciful and held him, and his head was soon upon a pike, with grass enough in the mouth for all Saint Antoine to dance at the sight of.

Nor was this the end of the day's bad work, for Saint Antoine so shouted and danced his angry blood up, that it boiled again, on hearing when the day closed in that the son-in-law of the dispatched, another of the people's enemies and insulters, was coming into Paris under a guard five hundred strong, in cavalry alone. Saint Antoine wrote his crimes on flaring sheets of paper, seized him—would have torn him out of the breast of an army to bear Foulon company—set his head and heart on pikes, and carried the three spoils of the day in Wolf-procession through the streets.

Not before dark night did the men and women come back to the children, wailing and breadless. Then the miserable bakers' shops were beset by long files of them, patiently waiting to buy bad bread; and while they waited with stomachs faint and empty, they beguiled the time by embracing one another on the triumphs of the day, and achieving them again in gossip. Gradually these strings of ragged people shortened and frayed away; and then poor lights began to shine in high windows, and slender fires were made in the streets, at which neighbors cooked in common, afterward supping at their doors.

Scanty and insufficient suppers those, and innocent of meat, as of most other sauce to wretched bread. Yet human fellowship infused some nourishment into the flinty viands, and struck some sparks of cheerfulness out of them. Fathers and mothers, who had had their full share in the worst of the day, played gently with their meagre children; and lovers, with such a world around them and before them, loved and hoped.

It was almost morning when Defarge's wine-shop parted with its last knot of customers, and Monsieur Defarge said to madame his wife, in husky tones, while fastening the door:

"At last it is come, my dear!"

"Eh well!" returned madame. "Almost."

Saint Antoine slept, the Defarges slept; even The Vengeance slept with her starved grocer, and the drum was at rest. The drum's was the only voice in Saint Antoine that blood and hurry had not changed. The Vengeance, as custodian of the drum, could have wakened him up and had the same speech out of him as before the Bastile fell or old Foulon was seized; not so with the hoarse tones of the men and women in Saint Antoine's bosom.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FIRE RISES.

There was a change on the village where the fountain fell, and where the mender of roads went forth daily to hammer out of the stones on the highway such morsels of bread as might serve for patches to hold his poor ignorant soul and his poor reduced body together. The prison on the crag was not so dominant as of yore; there were soldiers to guard it, but not many; there were officers to guard the soldiers, but not one of them knew what his men would do—beyond this: that it would probably not be what he was ordered.

Far and wide lay a ruined country yielding nothing but desolation. Every green leaf, every blade of grass and blade of grain, was as shriveled and poor as the miserable people. Every thing was bowed down, dejected, oppressed, and broken. Habitations, fences, domesticated animals, men, women, children, and the soil that bore them—all worn out.

Monseigneur was indubitably a national blessing, a gentleman giving a chivalrous tone to things, a polite example of luxurious and shining life, and a great deal more to equal purpose; nevertheless Monseigneur had, somehow or other, brought things to this. Strange that Creation, designed expressly for Monseigneur, should be so soon wrung dry and squeezed out! There must be something short-sighted in the eternal arrangements surely! Thus it was, however; and the last drop of blood having been extracted from the flints, and the last screw of the rack having been turned so often that its purchase crumbled, and it now turned and turned with nothing to bite, Monseigneur began to run away from a phenomenon so low and unaccountable.

But this was not the change on the village, and on many a village like it. For scores of years gone by Monseigneur had squeezed it and wrung it to his heart's content, and had seldom graced it with his presence except for the pleasures of the chase—now found in hunting the people; now found in hunting the beasts, for whose preservation Monseigneur made edifying spaces of barbarous and barren wilderness. No. The change consisted in the appearance of strange faces of low caste, rather than in the disappearance of the high-caste, chiseled, and otherwise beatified and beatifying features of Monseigneur.

For in these times, as the mender of roads worked, solitary, in the dust, not often troubling himself to reflect that dust he was and to dust he must return, being for the most part too much occupied in thinking how little he had for supper and how much more he would eat if he had it—in these times, as he raised his eyes from his lonely labor and viewed the prospect, he would see some rough figure approaching on foot, the like of which was once a rarity in those parts, but was now a frequent presence. As it advanced the mender of roads would discern without surprise that it was a shaggy-haired man, of almost barbarian aspect, tall, in wooden shoes that were clumsy even to the eyes of a mender of roads, grim, rough, swart, steeped in the mud and dust of many highways, dank with the marshy moisture of many low grounds, sprinkled with the thorns and leaves and moss of many by-ways through woods.

Such a man came upon him, like a ghost, at noon in the July weather, as he sat on his heap of stones under a bank, taking such shelter as he could get from a shower of hail.

The man looked at him, looked at the village in the hollow, at the mill, and at the prison on the crag. When he had identified these objects in what benighted mind he had, he said, in a dialect that was just intelligible:

"How goes it, Jacques?"

"All well, Jacques."

"Touch then!"

They joined hands, and the man sat down on the heap of stones.

"No dinner?"

"Nothing but supper now," said the mender of roads, with a hungry face.

"It is the fashion," growled the man. "I meet no dinner any where."

He took out a blackened pipe, filled it, lighted it with flint and steel, pulled at it until it was in a bright glow: then suddenly held it from him and dropped something into it from between his finger and thumb, that blazed and went out in a puff of smoke.

"Touch then." It was the turn of the mender of roads to say it this time, after observing these operations. They again joined hands.

"To-night?" said the mender of roads.

"To-night," said the man, putting the pipe in his mouth.

"Where?"

"Here."

He and the mender of roads sat on the heap of stones looking silently at one another, with the hail driving in between them like a pigmy charge of bayonets, until the sky began to clear over the village.

"Show me!" said the traveler then, moving to the brow of the hill.

"See!" returned the mender of roads, with extended finger. "You go down here, and straight through the street, and past the fountain—"

"To the Devil with all that!" interrupted the other, rolling his eye over the landscape. "*I* go through no streets and past no fountains. Well?"

"Well! About two leagues beyond the summit of that hill above the village."

"Good. When do you cease to work?"

"At sunset."

"Will you wake me before departing? I have walked two nights without resting. Let me finish my pipe, and I shall sleep like a child. Will you wake me?"

"Surely."

The wayfarer smoked his pipe out, put it in his breast, slipped off his great wooden shoes, and lay down on his back on the heap of stones. He was fast asleep directly.

As the road-mender plied his dusty labor, and the hail-clouds, rolling away, revealed bright bars and streaks of sky which were responded to by silver gleams upon the landscape, the little man (who wore a red cap now in place of his blue one) seemed fascinated by the figure on the heap of stones. His eyes were so often turned toward it that he used his tools mechanically; and, one would have said, to very poor account. The bronze face, the shaggy black hair and beard, the coarse woolen red cap, the rough medley dress of homespun stuff and hairy skins of beasts, the powerful frame attenuated by spare living, and the sullen and desperate compression of the lips in sleep, inspired the mender of roads with awe. The traveler had traveled far, and his feet were footsore, and his ankles chafed and bleeding; his great shoes, stuffed with leaves and grass, had been heavy to drag over the many long leagues, and his clothes were chafed into holes, as he himself was into sores. Stooping down beside him the road-mender tried to get a peep at secret weapons in his breast or where not; but in vain, for he slept with his arms crossed upon him, and set as resolutely as his lips. Fortified towns with their stockades, guard-houses, gates, trenches, and draw-bridges, seemed, to the mender of roads, to be so much air as against this figure. And when he lifted his eyes from it to the horizon and looked around, he saw in his small fancy similar figures, stopped by no obstacle, tending to centres all over France.

The man slept on, indifferent to showers of hail and intervals of brightness, to sunshine on his face and shadow, to the pattering lumps of dull ice on his body and the diamonds into which the sun changed them, until the sun was low in the west, and the sky was glowing. Then the mender of roads, having got his tools together and all things ready to go down into the village, roused him.

"Good!" said the sleeper, rising on his elbow. "Two leagues beyond the summit of the hill?"

"About."

"About. Good!"

The mender of roads went home, with the dust going on before him according to the set of the wind, and was soon at the fountain, squeezing himself in among the lean kine brought there to drink, and appearing even to whisper to them in his whispering to all the village. When the village had taken its poor supper it did not creep to bed, as it usually did, but came out of doors again, and remained there. A curious contagion of whispering was upon it, and also, when it gathered together at the fountain in the dark, another curious contagion of looking expectantly at the sky in one direction only. Monsieur Gabelle, chief functionary of the place, became uneasy; went out on his house-top alone, and looked in that direction too; glanced down from behind his chimneys at the darkening faces by the fountain below, and sent word to the sacristan who kept the keys of the church that there might be need to ring the tocsin by-and-by.

The night deepened. The trees environing the old chateau, keeping its solitary state apart, moved in a rising wind, as though they threatened the pile of building massive and dark in the gloom. Up the two terrace flights of steps the rain ran wildly, and beat at the great door, like a swift messenger rousing those within; uneasy rushes of wind went through the hall, among the old spears and knives, and passed lamenting up the stairs, and shook the curtains of the bed where the last Marquis had slept. East, West, North, and South, through the woods, four heavy-treading, unkempt figures crushed the high grass and cracked the branches, striding on cautiously to come together in the court-yard. Four lights broke out there, and moved away in different directions, and all was black again.

But not for long. Presently the chateau began to make itself strangely visible by some light of its own, as though it were growing luminous. Then a flickering streak played behind the architecture of the front, picking out transparent places, and showing where balustrades, arches, and windows were. Then it soared higher, and grew broader and brighter. Soon from a score of the great windows flames burst forth, and the stone faces, awakened, stared out of fire.

A faint murmur arose about the house from the few people who were left there, and there was saddling of a horse and riding away. There was spurring and splashing through the darkness, and bridle was drawn in the space by the village fountain, and the horse in a foam stood at Monsieur Gabelle's door. "Help, Gabelle! Help every one!" The tocsin rang impatiently, but other help (if that were any) there was none. The mender of roads, and two hundred and fifty particular friends, stood with folded arms at the fountain, looking at the pillar of fire in the sky. "It must be forty feet high," said they, grimly; and never moved.

The rider from the chateau, and the horse in a foam, clattered away through the village, and galloped up the stony steep to the prison on the crag. At the gate a group of officers were looking at the fire; removed from them, a group of soldiers. "Help, gentlemen-officers! The chateau is on fire; valuable objects may be saved from the flames by timely aid! Help! help!" The officers looked toward the soldiers who looked at the fire; gave no orders; and answered, with shrugs and biting of lips, "It must burn."

As the rider rattled down the hill again and through the street the village was illuminating. The mender of roads, and the two hundred and fifty particular friends, inspired as one man and woman by the idea of lighting up, had darted into their houses, and were putting candles in every dull little pane of glass. The general scarcity of every thing occasioned candles to be borrowed in a rather peremptory manner of Monsieur Gabelle; and in a moment of reluctance and hesitation on that functionary's part the mender of roads, once so submissive to authority, had remarked that carriages were good to make bonfires with, and that post-horses would roast.

The chateau was left to itself to flame and burn. In the roaring and raging of the conflagration a red-hot wind, driving straight from the infernal regions, seemed to be blowing the edifice away. With the rising and falling of the blaze the stone faces showed as if they were in torment. When great masses of stone and timber fell the face with the two dints in the nose became obscured: anon struggled out of the smoke again, as if it were the face of the cruel Marquis burning at the stake and contending with the fire.

The chateau burned; the nearest trees, laid hold of by the fire, scorched and shriveled; trees at a distance, fired by the four fierce figures, begirt the blazing edifice with a new forest of smoke. Molten lead and iron boiled in the marble basin of the fountain; the water ran dry; the extinguisher tops of the towers vanished like ice before the heat, and trickled down into four rugged wells of flame. Great rents and splits branched out in the solid walls like crystallization; stupefied birds wheeled about and dropped into the furnace; four fierce figures trudged away, East, West, North, and South, along the night-enshrouded roads, guided by the beacon they had lighted, toward their next destination. The illuminated village had seized hold of the tocsin, and, abolishing the lawful ringer, rang for joy.

Not only that; but the village, light-headed with famine, fire, and bell-ringing, and bethinking itself that Monsieur Gabelle had to do with the collection of rent and taxes—though it was but a small installment of taxes, and no rent at all, that Gabelle had got in in those latter days—became impatient for an interview with him, and, surrounding his house, summoned him to come forth for personal conference. Whereupon Monsieur Gabelle did heavily bar his door, and retire to hold counsel with himself. The result of that conference was that Gabelle again withdrew himself to his house-top behind his stack of chimneys: this time resolved, if his door were broken in (he was a small Southern man of retaliative temperament), to pitch himself head foremost over the parapet and crush a man or two below.

Probably Monsieur Gabelle passed a long night up there, with the distant chateau for fire and candle, and the beating at his door, combined with the joy-ringing, for music; not to mention his having an ill-omened lamp slung across the road before his posting-house gate, which the village showed a lively inclination to displace in his favor. A trying suspense to be passing a whole summer night on the brink of the black ocean, ready to take that plunge into it upon which Monsieur Gabelle had resolved! But the friendly dawn appearing at last, and the rush-candles of the village guttering out, the people happily dispersed, and Monsieur Gabelle came down, bringing his life with him for that while.

Within a hundred miles, and in the light of other fires, there were other functionaries less fortunate, that night and other nights, whom the rising sun found hanging across once-peaceful streets, where they had been born and bred; also there were other villagers and townspeople less fortunate than the mender of roads and his fellows, upon whom the functionaries and soldiery turned with success, and whom they strung up in their turn. But the fierce figures were steadily wending East, West, North, and South, be that as it would; and whosoever hung, fire burned. The altitude of the gallows that would turn to water and quench it, no functionary, by any stretch of mathematics, was able to calculate successfully.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Kalliston,

As a wash for the complexion, has no equal. It is distinguished for its soothing and purifying effect, allaying all tendency to inflammation, especially that arising from bites of mosquitoes, stings of insects, &c. It is a powerful cleanser of the skin, removing tan, freckles, pimples, and all discolorations. These, with its refreshing and invigorating properties, render it an indispensable requisite for the toilet.

Prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
Boston.

For sale by druggists generally.

Price 50 Cents a Bottle.

Its Effects are really Magical!—Jules Hauel's Eau Athenienne, or Hair Renovator, prevents the hair falling off, by giving a healthy tone to the roots; where baldness exists, it causes a new growth of soft, luxuriant hair, and it speedily restores gray hair to its original life color and beauty. Sold by all Druggists, and by Jules Hauel & Co., No. 704 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Dr. Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters have doubtless created as much sensation in the community for its remarkable cures as any other medicine extant. It is a fact that, in the minds of many persons a prejudice exists against what are called Patent Medicines; but why should this prevent you resorting to an article that has such an array of testimony to support it, as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Physicians prescribe it; why should you discard it? Judges, usually considered men of talent, have and do use it in their families; why should you reject it? Let not your prejudice usurp your reason, to the everlasting injury of your health. If you are sick and require a medicine, try these Bitters.

For sale by Druggists and dealers generally everywhere.

Principal Depot 13 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.—A magnificent edition of this standard work, with accompaniments for the Piano Forte, now publishing, by
HARPER & MASON,
Nos. 119 and 121 Nassau Street, New York.
Volume First now ready.

Lester's Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines
AND
Woodworth's Planing Machines.
Office 483 Broadway. J. H. LESTER.

(Advertisement.)
Out!
Knox's Latest and most Elegant Production.
Just Issued.
Citizens and strangers, travelers, and home-bodies, professional men, shopkeepers, mechanics, and "gentlemen of elegant leisure," are all invited to call at Knox's well-known Hat Establishment,
No. 212 Broadway,
where can be seen his
New Style of Hat for the Fall.
It is light in weight, bright as a new-coined eagle, durable as can be desired, and exceedingly cheap.

USEFUL IN EVERY FAMILY.—PAINT, Grease spots, &c., removed instantly; gloves, silks, ribbons, &c., cleaned equal to new, without injury to the most delicate color or fabric, by HEGEMAN & CO.'S CONCENTRATED BENZINE, only twenty-five cents per bottle. HEGEMAN & CO., Druggists, 161, 399, 511, and 756 Broadway.

Rupture Cured by Marsh & Co.'s Radical cure truss. They also keep silk elastic stockings for varicose veins, supporters and shoulder braces. Instruments for deformities made to order. No. 2 Vesey Street, Astor House, New York.

ENCAUSTIC TILES for FLOORS.—Minton's Tiles for Vestibules, Halls, Dining-Rooms, Conservatories, Hearths, and for public buildings of every kind, as laid by the subscribers in the Capitol at Washington, and in many churches, banks, hotels, and dwellings in every part of the country.

Also, Garnkirk Chimney Tops, Drain-Pipe, &c. For sale by
MILLER & COATES,
No. 279 Pearl Street, New York.

GOLD PENS.

AWARDED
TO
JOHN FOLEY,
FOR THE BEST
GOLD PENS
AND PENCILS.
1856.
AMERICAN INSTITUTE
NEW-YORK.

Gold PENS, Gold Pencils,
&c., &c.

John Foley,
MANUFACTURER,
163 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

GOLD PENS
MADE TO ORDER.
FOR THE TRADE,
AT FROM
$2 to $40
PER DOZ.

Orders respectfully solicited.

BLAKEMAN & MASON,
No. 310 Broadway, N. Y.,
Will publish, Sept. 20,
REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.
By Geo. C. Baldwin, D.D., of Troy.
1 vol. 12mo. Price $1.

Uniform with Dr. Baldwin's volume of "Representative Women," recently published, of which 8,000 copies have been sold.

THE LOST AND FOUND; Or, Life Among the Poor. By Samuel B. Halady. 1 vol. 12mo. Muslin. Price $1.

Now Ready:
WORDS OF JESUS, AND FAITHFUL PROMISER.
By the author of "Morning and Night Watches."
1 vol. 18mo. Muslin. Price 38 cents.

This volume has heretofore been published by Delisser & Procter.

WEE, WEE SONGS FOR OUR LITTLE PETS.
By Leila Lee.
18mo. Fancy muslin. Beautifully illustrated. Price 50 cents.

"A treasury of juvenile melodies that, repeated by little lisping lips, or sung by little voices, will fill the house with music like the carol of a bird."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

SOYER'S SULTANA SAUCE.

"The Chef D'Œuvre of Soyer."

MANUFACTURED BY CROSS & BLACKWELL, LONDON, FROM SOYER'S ORIGINAL RECIPE.

For sale by all Grocers and Fruit Dealers.

Sole Agent, G. G. YVELIN,
217 Fulton Street.

NOW READY:
THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE

WAR IN ITALY.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED WITH
MAPS AND ENGRAVINGS.

Price, handsomely bound, $1 25. Sent post paid.
Agents wanted in all parts of the United States and Canada. Address J. G. WELLS,
Cor. PARK ROW and Beekman Street.

Skeleton Skirts.

The largest and best stock of Skeleton Skirts in the city. To which attention is invited.
Manufactured by
PECK BROTHERS,
61 Chambers Street.

Grover & Baker's

Celebrated Noiseless

Family Sewing Machines,

At Reduced Prices.

495 Broadway, New York. 18 Summer Street, Boston. 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore. 58 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati. 118 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

THE ECONOMIST

COOKING STOVE,
FOR WOOD OR COAL,
WITH A SAND OVEN.

This is the most valuable improvement that has been made in Cooking Stoves during the past twenty years.

THE SAND OVEN
Equalizes the heat on the same principle as the Brick Oven of ancient renown.

THE SAND OVEN
Retains the heat long after the fire has gone out.

THE ECONOMIST
Without the Sand Oven, is ahead of all competitors; With the Sand Oven, is out of reach of them.

THE ECONOMIST
Is the most economical and durable Stove in the world.

THE ECONOMIST
Has a most perfect arrangement for broiling.

THE ECONOMIST
Heats water for the Bathing Room, &c., as quickly as any Range, and at half the cost for fuel.

Do not fail to examine it! It is manufactured by
W. & J. TREADWELL, PERRY & NORTON,
Albany, N. Y.,
And for sale everywhere.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency* opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

RIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP and FAMILY BAR SOAP are confidently recommended for their emollient properties and delightful aroma.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

New Works. In Press.

I.
FOOTFALLS ON THE BORDER OF ANOTHER WORLD.
One vol. 12mo.
By Hon. Robert Dale Owen,
Late Minister to Naples.

II.
A NEW NOVEL,
By the Author of "Queechy" and "Wide, Wide World."

III.
THE RIVALS.
A new Work, by Hon. Jere. Clemens.

Just Published:

I.
FORTY-FOUR YEARS OF A HUNTER'S LIFE.
Being the Reminiscences of Meshach Browing, a Maryland Hunter, roughly written down by Himself. Revised and Illustrated by
Edward Stabler.
1 vol. 12mo. $1 25.

II.
THE WORKS OF HON. JOHN P. KENNEDY.
Comprising
HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON. 1 vol.
ROB OF THE BOWL. 1 vol.
SWALLOW BARN. 1 vol.
Uniform Edition, $1 25 per vol.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,
Philadelphia.

Rockland Female Institute.

NYACK, ON THE HUDSON, N. Y.

This is a Ladies' Seminary of the highest order, situated in a most beautiful and healthy location, directly on the Hudson River, near New York City. For Catalogues and Circulars, or further particulars, address
L. D. & C. F. MANSFIELD, Principals.

P. S.—The next Annual Session begins Sept. 8th.

"ROUND HILL WATER CURE, at Northampton, Mass.—We freely, and with the unanimous assent of all who have ever visited this charming spot, commend it as a delightful place of sojourn. The scenery is of unrivaled beauty; valley, hill, and river give it inexhaustible variety. The Hotel is well kept, containing every accommodation for guests, as well for their comfort as amusement."—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE HUMAN VOICE; its right Management in Speaking and Reading, Principles of True Eloquence, Functions of the Vocal Organs—Motion of Letters of the Alphabet—Cultivation of the Ear—Disorders of Vocal and Articulating Organs—Origin and Construction of the English Language—Proper Methods of Delivery—Remedial Effects of Reading, Speaking, &c.

A series of articles—*to be completed in four numbers*—commenced in THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL for September.

Articles on Water-Cure in France; Hydropathy; Fever; Water-Cure Explained; Scrofula; Sore Eyes; Nervous Debility; Piles; Proper Food for Women; Saint Vitus's Dance, &c., in September number, now ready. Terms $1 a year, or 10 cents a number.

SPECIAL OFFER—THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL will be sent four months for 25 cents, commencing with September. Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York.

THE NEW NOVELS.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE. By the Author of "John Halifax," "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. Library Edition (uniform with the Library Edition of "John Halifax"). 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

MY THIRD BOOK. A Collection of Tales. By Louise Chandler Moulton, Author of "This, That, and the Other," and "Juno Clifford." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

HENRY ST. JOHN, Gentleman, of Flower of Hundreds, in the County of Prince George, Virginia. A Tale of 1774-'75. By John Esten Cooke, Author of "Leather Stocking and Silk," "The Virginia Comedians," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

WALTER THORNLEY; or, A Peep at the Past. By the Author of "Allen Prescott" and "Alida" (Mrs. Sedgwick). 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE BERTRAMS. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, Author of "Doctor Thorne." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

GERALD FITZGERALD, "The Chevalier." A Novel. By Charles Lever, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Glencore," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "Sir Jasper Carew," "Maurice Tiernay," &c. Complete. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ADAM BEDE. A Novel. By George Eliot, Author of "Scenes of Clerical Life." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG. A Novel. By Charles Reade, Author of "A Good Fight," Christie Johnstone," "Peg Woffington," "Never too Late to Mend," &c. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Paper, 65 cents.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? By Pisistratus Caxton. A Novel. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart., Author of "My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," "Night and Morning," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Muslin, $1 00.

THE ROMANCE AND ITS HERO. By the Author of "Magdalen Stafford." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE LAIRD OF NORLAW. A Scottish Story. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Days of My Life," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE OLD PLANTATION, and What I Gathered There in an Autumn Month. By James Hungerford, of Maryland. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER. A Novel. By Holme Lee, Author of "Kathie Brande." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

MY LADY LUDDLOW. A Novel. By Mrs. Gaskell, Author of "Mary Barton," "North and South," "Cranford," "The Moorland Cottage, &c. 8vo, Paper, 12 cents.

TRUMPS. A Novel. By George William Curtis. In course of publication in Harper's Weekly. Illustrated by Hoppin. Five Cents a Number.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. A Novel. By Charles Dickens. Beautifully Illustrated. In course of publication in Harper's Weekly. Five Cents a Number.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers will send either of the above Works by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Money.

TO SOUTHERN MERCHANTS.

HARNDEN'S EXPRESS

LEAVES EVERY
TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY,
BY STEAMSHIP,
FOR SAVANNAH,

Thence, by Georgia Central Railroad, to

MACON, MEMPHIS, ATLANTA,
AUGUSTA, MOBILE, KNOXVILLE,
NASHVILLE, COLUMBUS, MONTGOMERY,
NEW ORLEANS,

And all Towns in the interior of
Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee.

Every description of merchandise forwarded at Low rates, and delivered with promptness and despatch.

For further particulars apply at the office of
HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, **74** Broadway.

HARD TIMES NO MORE.—ANY Lady or Gentleman in the United States, possessing from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 per *day can be realized.* For particulars, address (with stamp),
W. R. ACTON & CO., 41 North SIXTH Street,
Philadelphia.

MISS HAINES

Respectfully informs her friends and the public that her School,

No. 10 GRAMMERCY PARK,
EAST 20th STREET,
Will commence on Tuesday, Sept. 20.

A punctual attendance of her pupils is requested.

Those who have confided their daughters to Miss HAINES in past years, may be assured of her continued desire and, as she trusts, increased ability, to impart to her pupils a substantial, useful, and accomplished education. She has the aid of teachers of acknowledged talent, and it will be their united aim to contribute, as much as possible, to the personal happiness, as well as moral and intellectual improvement, of those committed to their care.

HEALTH, HAPPINESS, and LONG LIFE.—THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL and HERALD OF HEALTH will be sent to subscribers four months, commencing with the September number—now ready—for 25 cents.
FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

PROTESTANT FRENCH INSTITUTE for YOUNG GENTLEMEN, in New York, No. 48 East 24th Street, near Madison Park. Boarding and Day School, Classical and Commercial. This institution will be reopened on the 15th of September. It presents a thorough course of instruction in all its branches, including the Spanish and German languages. The French is the language of the school. Comfortable arrangements for a limited number of pupils. Prospectus, with testimonials, the names of my pupils and of their parents during the past four years, &c., to be had.
Prof. ELIE CHARLIER, Director.

References: Paris, Rev. Dr. F. Monod.
Geneva, Rev. Dr. Merle d'Aubigné.
Washington, Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State.
Boston, Prof. L. Agassiz.
Princeton, Prof. A. Guyot.
New York, C. King, President of Columbia College.
Rev. Dr. I. Ferris, Chancellor of the N. Y. University.
Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng.
Rev. Dr. F. Hawks.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

Are superior for all manufacturing purposes.

Are more desirable for all kinds of family sewing.

Are capable of doing a greater variety of work.

Are free from the faults of other machines.

Are almost noiseless in their operations.

Are much better, and therefore worth more.

Are perfectly simple and easily kept in order.

Are cheaper because they earn more money.

Are just the Machine for every family.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,

No. 458 Broadway, corner of Grand.

"KNOW THYSELF."—THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for September, now ready, contains: The Late Horace Mann, Portrait, Biography, and Phrenology; Trades for Young Men, Choice of Pursuits; Phrenology in the Pulpit, by Rev. H. W. Beecher; Be a Man—sensible advice; Robert Burns; John W. Bulkley; Ossian E. Dodge; Helps and Hindrances, Bravery and Cowardice; The Temperaments; Judge Marshall and Wife; Utility of Phrenology, etc.

Terms, only $1 a year, or 10 cents a number. Published by Fowler and Wells, 308 Broadway, New York.

STEREOSCOPE PICTURES.

MAKE YOUR OWN.

A Stereoscope Camera, with complete apparatus and instruction, $30. The process easy, interesting, and beautiful. C. J. FOX, 681 Broadway, N. Y.

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL: Devoted to Hydropathy, its Philosophy and Practice; to Physiology and Anatomy; and all those Laws which govern Life and Health. Illustrated with numerous appropriate engravings. $1 a year, or 4 months, on trial, for 25 cents. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

RIMMEL'S BOUQUET—ALL THE YEAR ROUND, and WOOD VIOLET, are the leading Perfumes in *Paris* and *London.*
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

American Guano.

TO FARMERS AND DEALERS

in Guano. This Guano from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, which has been proved to be the most valuable fertilizer ever discovered, is offered for sale at wholesale and retail at less than two thirds the price of Peruvian. For particulars address C. S. MARSHALL, Prest. American Guano Co., 66 William Street, New York.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain Subscribers for "LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION," in Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1500 pages, and 1100 beautiful illustrations. This work will be sold exclusively by Agents, to each of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Applicants should name the Counties they would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Mercantile Record.

Patent Champion Safes.
S. C. Herring & Co., 251 Broadway.

Wilder's Patent Salamander Safe.
B. G. Wilder & Co., 191 Broadway.

Juvenile Instructions for the Piano Forte

To which is added a Collection of the Most Popular Waltzes, Polkas, and Operatic Airs. Arranged and Fingered by an Eminent Professor of Music. Price, 50c. Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

MURRAY HALL.—REV. J. J. ELMENDORF'S SCHOOL for Young Ladies, 101 West 36th Street, New York. Ninth Session begins, Tuesday, Sept. 13th.

NO DRUGS—NO POISON!—THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL and HERALD OF HEALTH, will be sent, *on trial,* four months for 25 cents. FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

RIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER imparts a delicate rosy hue to the skin, and renders it soft and beautiful.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

EVERETT HOUSE,
HAWLEY D. CLAPP, Proprietor,
North Side Union Square,
NEW YORK.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,

NIAGARA FALLS.

ROBERT B. COLEMAN, late of the firm of COLEMAN & STETSON, of the Astor House, and more recently engaged at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, has, in connection with his son, FREDERICK W. COLEMAN, opened the above-named elegant house, which, having been enlarged and greatly improved, renders it very desirable to visitors at this the grandest of watering places.

PHYSIOLOGY and the LAWS of LIFE, given in THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL and HERALD OF HEALTH. Sent four months, *on trial,* for 25 cents.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.

This celebrated remedy for purifying the blood, and for the cure of scorbutic, ulcerous, and eruptive diseases, is superior to all others, because it is the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton Street, New York.

IF WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES won't grow upon your face, use my onguent (established 1852), which will force them to grow six weeks from the first application, and without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, post free, to any address. R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau Street, New York.

THE SUPERB WAR SUPPLEMENT to HARPER'S WEEKLY is now ready; containing an accurate map, and numerous large and elegant Engravings, illustrating the War in Italy. Price Six Cents. Sent by Mail, on receipt of the price.
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

☞ Every Number of Harper's Magazine contains from 20 to 50 pages—and from one third to one half—more reading than any other in the country.

A Splendid Number.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR SEPTEMBER.

Whoever has had occasion to consult the past volumes of the Magazine must have been struck with the multiplicity of papers embodying important geographical, historical, and scientific facts, so that, apart from its merits as a storehouse of entertaining reading, it is of no small value as a work of general reference, and on a great variety of subjects. The "Monthly Record of Current Events," in particular, though promising little immediate interest at the date of its publication, increases in importance from year to year, and now furnishes a sort of chronological summary, the convenience and satisfactory character of which will be the most highly appreciated by those who have the most frequent occasion to consult its columns.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Harper's Magazine is, emphatically, the American people's magazine. Sound in religion, conservative in politics, elegant in taste, varied in matter, overrunning with sympathy and humor, and guided all the time by a sturdy common sense, it has no rival. Nor will it have soon. We rejoice in its prosperity.—*New Orleans Christian Advocate.*

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.

Harper's Weekly and Harper's Magazine, together, one year, $4 00.

The Postage upon "Harper's Magazine" must be paid at the Office *where it is received.* The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
Five Cents a Number: $2 50 a Year.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S New Serial, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," Splendidly Illustrated by McLenan, was commenced in "Harper's Weekly" for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS'S Illustrated Serial Tale of American Life, entitled "TRUMPS," was commenced in "Harper's Weekly" for April 9.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year . . .	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twelve *or* Twenty-five Subscribers.

Terms for Advertising.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

⁂ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.